HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE BOROUGH.

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FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION WAS A BIG SUCCESS.

Beautiful Day and a Big Orderly Crowd.

NY EVENT PLEASED THE CROWD.

Joint Musical Program and Speaking—Mt. Jewett Wins the Ball Game—Denning Takes Motor Cycle Race Harold Day the Marathon Winner—Parades Make Big Hit.

Smethport's Fourth of July celebration was one of the greatest of successes. The morning dawned cloudy and threatened rain but before ten o'clock the heavy clouds broke and within a few minutes the sky was clear as a bell and from then on the day was ideal, and every event on the program was given without a hitch—with the exception of a slight accident to two of the starters in the motorcycle race.

The day was fittingly opened by patriotic exercises at St. Luke's church, inducted by Rev. W. E. Van Dyke id Rev. W. A. Harris. Superior Court Judge Thomas A. Morrison delered a short address suitable for e occasion and the service although ot largely attended was highly appreciated by those present.

The next was the automobile parade which started in front of the court house and the line was down Main street and back the full length of the pavement. About 200 little children carrying flags took part in this parade and it was a beautiful sight. The parade was headed by the I. O. O. F. band and the Smethport Fire Department.

The Industrial parade came at 10 o'clock and a very imposing affair it was. Those in line were as follows: Marshall and Aides, Council and G. A. R. in automobiles, I. O. O. F. band, Smethport Fire Department, Fire Engine, Smethport and Crosby Red Men, Coleville band; floats, Brennan's Grocery, Brownell's Grocery, Means' Hardware, Smethport Rubber Co., Fry & Comes Dry Goods, Red Men in Camp, Wells' Drug Store, Armstrong's Drug Store, Mrs. Bisett Ladies' Dry Goods, The McKean County Miner Printing. The floats were all handsomely decorated with the wares of the owners. W. B. Means captured the prize of $10.00 for the best looking display.

Next on the program was the races, which took up the time until nearly 2 o'clock. The 100 yard dash was won by F. C. Gallup of Mt. Jewett, Ed Wilson second and John Natello third; Joe Murray of Crosby won the boys' bicycle road race. The potato race went to Clifford DeKay. Ed Cleveland of Mt. Jewett took away the prize in the fat man's race. Frank Dunbar, who has had a wide experience in running autotmobiles was an easy winner of the wheelbarrow race. The 100 yard dash for members of the I. O. R. M. went to Ed McClure and Rex Stark was an easy winner in the 100 yard race for members of the I. O. O. F.

The motorcycle road race over a course of 15 miles promised to be a very interesting event and it would have been only for a wreck at McCoy's corners when the two Bradford racers were thrown and both slightly injured. J. C. Wirt, who was also a starter, returned to town for medical assistance and Howard Denning was the only one to complete the course. He had a blow-out and, including the time taken to make the repair, made the course in a little less than an hour. The young men who took the spill were not injured more than slight bruises.

The five-mile "marathon" race was won by Harold Day in 38 minutes. This prize was a handsome silver cup suitably engraved. John Cobb was second, his prize being a pair of running shoes.

Another race, which was not down on the program, that created a good deal of merriment was a 100-yard dash between John Van Sickle of Liberty township and Samuel E. Bell of this borough. Van Sickle received a 40-foot handicap and won the race in a fast finish by an eyelash. The stake and side bet aggregated a box of cigars.

At 2 o'clock the patriotic exercises on the court house grounds were opened with music by the I. O. O. F. and Colsville bands. Hon. Joseph W. Coulter acted as President of the Day and in short spicy words introduced those who took part. Thomas H. Morrison read the Declaration of Independence, Miss Flossie Freeman sang a solo, Miss Irma Wells gave a recitation and Rev. Delos H. Dunbar delivered the oration. Each of these numbers was interspersed with music by about 200 school children and the audience was asked to join in some of the numbers. A large crowd listened to this program and the rapt attention in which the crowd was held is the best proof that all were unusually interesting.

Next came the ball game at Kane field between Mt. Jewett and Smethport, which resulted in a victory for Mt. Jewett by a score of 16 to 4. Big Bill Fuller did the pitching for the home team and pitched nice ball the forepart of the game and had he had good support he would have finished an easy winner, but this team was in no practice and the numerous errors along with the lack of team work caused a disaster in the windup. The home team tied the visitors in the first of the seventh inning, the score being 4 to 4, but in the last half a number of errors and lax playing gave the mountain boys five runs and the same conditions gave them seven runs more in the eighth. A large crowd saw the game and up to the seventh inning it was unusually interesting.

The tug-of-war did not come off owing to the non-appearance of the teams scheduled for the contest.

After dark the fantastic parade was the first attraction. The Coleville band led the procession followed by the I. O. O. F. band garbed in Suffragist uniform. Then came the Red Men's green corn dance float and Souse's (pronoun d as it's spelled) world renowned Zobo Band, under the personal direction of J. Fillup himself. This organization rendered all the most famous musical numbers ever written and some that were never even thought of in a most extemporaneous manner much to the delight of the red and green fire and the large crowd assembled.

The display of fireworks was good and pleased the spectators.

The dance at the Lyceum was under the management of the Fourth of July committee and was largely attended and consisted of a most orderly crowd, as we understand did the dances given in other parts of the town.

This celebration was conducted by the Smethport Fire Department and a better or more orderly celebration was never had in this section. The Fire Department and Smethport in general can well feel proud of this celebration. Everybody was pleased and nobody was hurt.

THE CLAM-BAKE.

The G. B. B. A. Hold Successful Feast Last Saturday.

The Annual Clam Bake of the Smethport branch of the Glass Bottle Blowers' Association was held in the Grove at Burbank's crossing last Friday and it was another big success both as a social function and in a financial way.

About one hundred guests were present and all enjoyed themselves hugely. Well knowing the good time that was in store for them the party assembled early, and spent the portion of the day not taken up in filling the inner man, with baseball, races and other games of endurance and skill.

However much of the time was taken up in feasting. Clam chowder, sandwiches, raw clams, pickles, olives, etc., were served at 11 o'clock and at 2:30 the bake was opened. This consist of most delicious clams, chicken, blue fish and potatoes and those who were so fortunate as to be there say it was equal to anything of the kind ever given in this section.

Much of the credit for the success of this bake is due to Enos Carr and his assisants. Mr. Carr acted as chef in chief and all are of the opinion that he cannot be beat in putting on a successful clam bake.

Card of Thanks.

Mrs. Mary A. Backus wishes to thank each and every one for the kindness and sympathy shown her in the sudden and awful death of her youngest and dearly beloved son, Harold. For the many beautiful flowers contributed and the lovely wreath from the Fire Department, the carriages furnished and notes of condolence received, for all she is sincerely thankful.

For Sale.

Just received a carload of Fertilizer. Enquire of

O. D. NOURSE,
East Smethport.

DEATH OF MRS. DANIEL ACRE.

Most Estimable Woman Passed Away at Olean—Formerly Lived Here.

Mrs. Daniel Acre of Olean died at the home of Ira Hall in that city at two o'clock Wednesday morning, aged 62 years. The cause of her death was heart disease. On Sunday morning she was in her usual good health and spirits and after going to church she went home with Mr. and Mrs. Ira Hall for dinner. In the afternoon she was taken suddenly ill, and her condition was such that she could not be removed to her home.

Mrs. Lettie Acre was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Linderf Chapin and was born in Keating township on the farm now occupied by Clarence Powell. About 40 years ago she was united in marriage to Daniel Acre and to them were born three sons, nemely, H. T., Glenn J., and D. L.

Mr. and Mrs. Acre followed the occupation of farming and spent the greater portion of their lives in this immediate vicinity. Three years ago they moved onto a farm just outside of Olean where they resided until the time of her sudden demise.

Mrs. Acre was a devout member of the Episcopal church, having been a member of St. Luke's in this place for many years, and she carried into her every day life the true principles of Christianity. She possessed a kind, loving, true heart and was ever ready to lend help and sympathy to those about her needing it, and her greatest happiness was in making others happy. These characteristics endeared her to all who were fortunate enough to know this estimable woman and her sudden death will be sincerely mourned by a large circle of friends.

Besides her aged husband and three sons named, she is survived by two sisters, Miss Cynthia Chapin and Mrs. Clarence Powell who reside at East Smethport, and a large number of more distant relatives in this vicinity, all of whom will deeply mourn her sudden demise.

Her remains will be brought to this place to-morrow, Friday, morning on the Pennsylvania train, arriving at East Smethport at 10 o'clock and will be taken to Rose Hill cemetery where the funeral services will be held, Rev. J. Heber McCandless and Rev. W. E. Van Dyke officiating, and interment made in the family plot.

WOMAN KILLED BY TRAIN.

Shocking Fatality in the Vicinity of Bullis Mills.

Yesterday's Era says: Mrs. Nora Johnson, aged 50 years, of Bullis Mills, near Eldred, was killed instantly and a young son barely escaped a similar fate, by being struck by a Pennsylvania train near that place yeserday morning. According to the information furnished Coroner Sherman who was notified of the fatality, Mrs. Johnson was walking near the tracks with her son and failed to clear the tracks sufficiently. She was hurled to one side of the tracks and was dead when the train was stopped and members of the crew reached her.

Deceased was very well known and leaves besides her husband, David Johnson, thirteen children. The coroner gave permission to have the body removed to the late home which is not far from where the accident happened Undertaker Worden of Portville, N. Y., was notified.

The coroner will go to Bullis Mills to-day to make some inquiries.

CUTLERY LOCATION PENDING.

Chances Good for its Location in the Cut Glass Factory.

For the past week the managers of the Case Brothers Cutlery Co. have been negotiating with the directors of the Smethport Cut Glass Co. for the purchase of their building to be used as a cutlery factory. Up to the present time the deal has not been closed, but according to reports this morning these gentlemen are so near an agreement that it is confidently expected that an agreement will be reached in a very short time.

The Case Company is favorable to this place for a factory and as such a factory is of vast importance to the town, neither of the negotiating parties should let a small item of difference stand in the way of an agreement.

I have just received a car load of salt, all grades, common fine and diamond F rock salt, and also all grades of dairy and table salt which I offer at the lowest market price.

O. W. KING,
East Smethport.

JACK JOHNSON CHAMPION.

Beat Jim Jeffries in Fifteen Rounds on July 4th.

Reno, July 5.—Jack Johnson, the negro heavyweight champion, turned pyer the sporting world yesterday when he knocked out James J. Jeffries in the 15th round.

It was sudden, this defeating of a hitherto unbeaten man. It came swiftly, like the dropping of some bolt that wrecks a 10,000 horse-power dynamo.

Hardly had the bell sounded when the lightning movement of the negroe's right arm in an uppercut ended in a thud. The tremendious head of the white fighting man swung back as the glove landed on his jaw just to the right of the mid chin.

His torso relaxed, his knees trembled, then crooked. Down he went. Sixteen thousand people leaped to their feet and the great dish of the arena was so still that those sitting next to the ring could hear the click of the black champion's teeth as he snapped his jaws shut and stood waiting over the fallen fighter.

The timekeeper had counted nine. Jeffries, with his head swinging from side to side on his thick neck, struggled to his knees, to his feet. Hardly had he straightened when two terrific blows shot over his feebly rising guard. A right and left uppercut to the chin followed. Down the white man tumbled. This time his body was out side the ropes and his legs were crooked over the white strands. He sat hunched in this squat, eyes closed, hands drooping over knees.

The spell was broken. The arena roared. Rickard, the referee, was rattled. He stood by the side of the beaten pugilist, counting in a dazed sort of way. Nobody watched him. Everybody had eyes on Jeffries.

In the uproar Timekeeper Harting counted Jeffries out. Nobody heard him. Abe Attell ran over from Jeffries' corner and lifted up the ropes while the fighter clambered through.

The man stood, half crouching, knowing nothing. Jim Corbett yelled something to him. The words were unheard.

Then came the black man, not knowing that his antagonist was counted out. He came lightly, stepping swiftly like a cat stalking. He jumped to the side of the blood-covered, half conscious man and with his arms jerking back and forth, with the thrust of an engine's piston he pounded and pounded the drooping head of the former champion.

Uppercuts, each one of them, first with the right and then with the left Johnson swung back the lolling head. Again the tremendous bulk of the white man tottered.

Sam Berger, Jeffries' manager, jumped into the ring and rushed to Jeffries' side. Rickard understood and he waved the tigerish Johnson back to his corner. At the same time he held up his hand and motioned towards the retreating black. That was the end. The fight was won. A man unbeaten and thought to be unbeatable had been pounded into defeat. The championship remained with the negro and $70,500, 60 per cent. of the total purse of $101,000 had been won.

It was what followers of pugilism call a clean knockout. The blow that the black man sent up from his waist to the point of Jeffries' chin in that first minute of the 15th round was the blow that finished the battle.

Jeffries was outclassed, outpointed. He did not lose because of a lucky blow. He lost because he was an older man than when he last fought, because he had not "come back" from his years of physical and nervous flabbiness.

When Jeffries' face was furrowed from mind strain, the negro was laughing. When the white fighter strained his utmost to free himself from the clinches, the black man simply put his weight on his opponent's arms and shoulders and rested. One man worked terribly without rest. The other rested much of the time and was terrible in flashes of action.

The white fighter fought as if he believed that he was invincible and that the grinning, shifty black before him was not capable of forcing him into a coma, however much he might slash and slice the flesh. A difference in physiology had something to do with the result.

No such spectacle as the one inside the graded tiers of humanity has ever been seen. Probably in this country no such spectacle will be seen again. It was the fight of the century. It was the surprise of the century also.

On the actual returns of the fight Jeffries received only $3,534 less than the giant black Texan who [illegible] him, but, counting the money [illegible] made since the articles were signed in Hoboken, N. J., last October, Jeffries has cleaned up $192,066, against $145,600 for the victor. Taking these totals, the average for each minute spent in the ring Monday is, for Johnson, $2,880, and for Jeffries $3,600.

The total earned by both fighters since October is $337,666.

Here are the shares as they will run on this basis:

Johnson.	
Sixty per cent. of purse	$ 66,000
Bonus	10,000
Share of moving pictures	50,000
Total	$120,000
Earned while training after signing	25,000
Grand total	$145,000

Jeffries.	
Forty per cent. of purse	$ 40,000
Bonus	10,000
Share of moving pictures	66,066
Total	$117,066
Earned while training	75,000
Grand total	$192,066

SUSTAINED BROKEN LEG.

George Mason Was Kicked by a Horse Saturday Evening.

George Mason, a well known man about town, is laid up as the result of an accident which occurred to him last Saturday evening, as he was enjoying a "joy ride" with another local man in a rig belonging to the latter.

Two of the important features of the ride were a jug of whiskey and a quarter barrel of beer which the men were bringing into town for the glorious fourth, from a place of concealment outside the borough line, and from all indications the inmates of the rig had thoroughly sampled their cargo of liquid refreshment. Mason was acting in the capacity of driver and it is alleged that he attempted to urge the horse, a high spirited animal, into a faster gait by applying his foot on the south side of the steed, at a point near the head of Iron's hollow, near this borough.

Things immediately began to happen and before the inmates of the rig had time to get their bearings the dashboard of the rig had been kicked out, Mason had received a blow on his left leg, the top of the whiskey jug had been knocked off and then the race for life began.

The horse started at a break neck speed for home, only pausing long enough now and then to let go its hind hoofs in the direction of the rig. The outfit was stopped in front of Jones' livery and an inventory was taken. It was found that Mason had sustained a compound fracture of both bones of his left leg, between the knee and ankle, while the horse was somewhat cut and the front of the rig badly stove up, but strange to relate the other occupant of the buggy, had, by a remarkeble presence of mind, throttled the broken jug and prevented the loss of its contents.

Dr. Ostrander was summoned and the injured man was taken to the county home, where the fractured limb was reduced. The operation was a delicate one owing to the nature of the break, but the physician succeeded in getting the bones back in place and Mason, who is about 56 years of age, is getting along as nicely as can be expected.

P. S.—The quarter of beer remained intact.

A TRUNK MYSTERY

Has Developed at Kane—Investigation Is Being Conducted.

Kane has a trunk mystery and the local authorities and Detective Jones of this borough and the police of Chicago are at work on the case.

According to the stories of the officers at work on the case, Claudine Moulson (colored) of Kane, may be the victim of the murderer. Walter Lewis, who claims that his home is in Albany, N. Y., and who is an actor on the vaudeville stage, playing under the stage name of Paul LaMero, claims that he married the girl in Johnstown, Pa., on February 7, last, and that his wife left him in Chicago on March 28.

In April Lewis came to Kane. He called upon the mother of the girl and told her how his wife had left him and he asked the woman to assist in the search of her. He also, it is said, made an unsuccessful effort to obtain financial assistance from his mother-in-law. Lewis had sent a trunk to Kane by freight. Subsequently the girl's mother received

JAMES HANKS DEAD.

A Well Known Oil Country Character Passed Away Tuesday.

Wednesday's Bradford Era says: James H. Hanks, one of the best known men in the oil regions, died yesterday at his home in Bartlesville, Oklahoma, after an illness which had afflicted him for several years. It was a general breaking down of the system, due chiefly to stomach trouble. His nervous condition, for some time, has been alarming. A dispatch received yesterday evening by his sister Mrs. Philo Buckley of Chestnut street, from the bereaved widow of the deceased, sated that the death of Mr. Hanks occurred yesterday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. He was 54 years old, lacking four days.

The deceased in his youth was a resident of Salamanca. He came to Bradford when he was quite young and when the oil business became active in the Northern field he became identified with the interests and his fame as a shooter. He was an expert in that line and was fortunate in escaping the fate of many another who engaged in the same hazardous occupation.

One of the most thrilling stories told of his experience is that which describes the manner whereby his coolness and courage saved his own and other lives, at a well which made a sudden flow of oil as a torpedo was being lowered into it. If left to itself, the torpedo would have been hurled out of the hole and exploded when it reached the derrick. "Jim" Hanks (as he was familiarly called) realized all this in a moment and bracing himself at the top of the casing, waited until the torpedo arrived. Then as the oil rushed it upward, he clutched it with a firm grip, checked its progress and carefully laid it in a place of safety. Had the shot exploded it would have caused havoc. "Jim" Hanks was possessed of a clever wit and a keen sense of humor. He had the faculty of seeing the laughable side of things and his comments and jokes are widely quoted by oil men. He was an amiable, manly, honest man, and all who knew him were his friends.

He left Bradford when West Virginia began to produce oil in large quantities and continued his nitroglycerine business in that State, with headquarters at Sistersville. As proprietor and manager he was very successful and extended his business to the Ohio field. A few years ago he went to Oklahoma and was similarly occupied there, but failing health interfered with his activities and of late he was not as prosperous as he had been formerly.

Mrs. E. M. Pierce.

The death of Mary Elizabeth Pierce, wife of Dr. E. M. Pierce, occurred at 1:30 a. m. Wednesday at her home on Market street. She had been an invalid and confined to bed for six years as the result of an injury to her hip.

Deceased was born in Maine 82 years ago and in the year 1855 she was united in marriage to Dr. Pierce in the city of Meadville and for the past 55 years they have made Warren their home. Besides her husband, who is 88 years of age, three sons survive, who are Dr. Fred Pierce of Smethport, Frank Pierce of Brandwood, Md., and Edward Pierce of Philadelphia. Deceased was a consistent member of the First Presbyterian church.—Warren Mirror.

Automobiles.

In first class condition for sale cheap.

BACKUS MOTOR CO.

FIGURE PROBLEMS

Gems That Are to Be Found in the Old Arithmetics.

ALL OF THEM "PRACTICAL."

That Was What the Inquisitive Boy's Father Told Him, and the Lad Started Out to Verify the Statement—The "Practical" Examples He Dug Up.

Was education more practical a generation ago, or did John's father study his books more thoroughly than John does? John is a seventh grade student in the public schools. He asked his father to help him solve the following problem:

"A., asked how much money he has in the bank, replied: 'If I had $10 more I would have $1,000 more than half what I now have.' How much money had A.?"

"Such a fool problem," said the father. "Tell that teacher to ask the cashier. You have been pestering me with problems like that for a week. Suppose your teacher asked you how old you are. Would you tell her 'If I were ten times as old as I am, diminished by forty-two, I would be thirty years older than dad, and if dad were one-fourth as old as he now is he would be my age?' What would your teacher do if you answered in such a manner? In my day we had practical problems in our arithmetic."

In order to investigate his father's statement John went to the public library and asked for an old arithmetic.

The librarian gave him Richard's Natural Arithmetic. He turned to the page marked "Practical Exercises" and read:

"A. puts his whole flock of sheep into three pastures. Half go into one pasture, one-third into another and thirty-two into a third. How many in the flock?"

"That's queer," said John. "Practical exercises too. Here is a man who wants to find how many sheep he has. He counts them so he will know when he has half of them. This half he puts into a pasture. Then he counts out a third and puts it in another pen. Next he counts what's left and finds he has thirty-two. After a little figuring he finds how many in the whole flock. Very practical. I guess dad didn't study that book."

The next book he examined was Milne's Inductive Arithmetic, edition of 1879. In miscellaneous examples he found the following:

"Two ladders will together just reach the top of a building seventy-five feet high. If the shorter ladder is two-thirds the length of the other, what is the length of each?"

"Why didn't he measure each ladder separately?" John asked himself. "That problem is not practical. I guess dad is older than I thought. I want an older book."

The text written in 1808 was handed to him. The book was evidently influenced by the civil war, for it was filled with problems dealing with battering down fortifications and the sustenance of soldiers. One problem was:

"If twelve pieces of cannon (eight-een pounders) can batter down a fortress in three hours, how long will it take for nineteen twenty-four-pounders to batter down the same fortress?"

"That's fine for a general," John reflected; "but dad says that I am going to be a captain of industry."

Another arithmetic of the same date had the famous fish problem with which John's teacher had troubled him for six weeks before he himself finally explained it to the class. The fish problem is:

"The head of a fish is ten inches long. Its tail is as long as its head and one-half the body. The body is as long as the head and tail both. How long is the fish?"

Very handy problem for a butcher.

John turned to the Common School Arithmetic, edition of 1853. "Here I'm sure to find something good," he reflected and read:

"A hare starts up twelve rods before a hound, but she is not perceived by him till she has been up one and one-fourth minutes. She runs at the rate of thirty-six rods a minute, and the hound runs at the rate of forty rods a minute. How long will the race last, and what will be the distance the hound runs?"

"What difference does it make how far the hound runs?" John asked as he turned to the Scholar's Arithmetic, edition of 1807. The present high cost of living made the first problem impractical for present day purposes, John concluded. The problem was as follows:

"If I give eighty bushels of potatoes at 21 cents a bushel and 240 pounds of fish at 15 cents a pound for sixty-four bushels of salt, what is the salt worth a bushel?"

Another problem was:

"A good man driving his guest to market was met by another who said, 'Good morrow, master, with your 100 geese.' Says he in reply, 'I have not 100 geese, but if I had half as many as I now have and two and one-half geese besides the number I now have, already I should have 100.' How many geese had the man?"

How long would you permit a man to live if he made such an answer to you?

"Phew!" John sighed as he wiped his forehead and handed the book back to the librarian. "Dad must have skipped these practical problems." — Kansas City Star.

We are never so ridiculous by the qualities we have as by those we affect to have.—Rochefoucauld.

GIGANTIC AMAZON

It Is the Greatest as Well as the Strangest of Rivers.

ITS UPPER PART A MYSTERY.

Shrouded in Impenetrable Forests and Vine Growths Through Which a Gleam of Sunlight Never Shows—A Curious Woodland Tangle.

While the Amazon is the world's greatest river, if not in length at least in the volume of water which flows through it, it is the world's strangest river as well.

The few travelers and explorers who have journeyed up this water course to its many sources in the glaciers of the South American mountains tell stories which are almost incredible about the literal mass of streams which unite to form it, each stream having its birth in one of the great ice masses. Yet a few hundred miles below, where they merge and create the river, the temperature is such that it works its way through a perfect labyrinth of tropical vegetation.

Only the mariner can tell the place where the Amazon really has its mouth, because the opening it has made on the eastern coast of South America is so wide that it extends over 100 miles. A long distance before one comes to the mouth of the river, however, one is really sailing on the waters of the Amazon, because they force their way so far out into the ocean. They say that 300 miles out at sea off the mouth of the Amazon you can hoist a bucketful of fresh water out of the ocean from the deck of a ship, such is the quantity of its water that flows from that gigantic basin.

Long after you have entered the actual river and have its banks north and south of you if you are in midstream you will still be out of sight of land, such is the breadth of the vast channel. The river stretches far into the ocean and far up the country. Take a map of South America and look up a place called Iquitos. It lies four-fifths of the way across the continent from east to west. Yet from Iquitos there is a fortnightly service of ocean going steamers to Europe which descend some 3,000 miles of the river before they reach the sea.

It is not only one branch of the Amazon, but many, that are thus to be regarded as the same as ocean highways. The southern branches of the Amazon are broken by rapids along a line where a low continental shelf exists. Above these rapids, however, there is again deep water. Thus beyond the falls of the Madeira there are over 10,000 miles of navigable water on that river and its branches.

Not only Sir Martin Conday, but other travelers who have ventured along the upper river and its tributaries, say that here a curious woodland tangle exists. To the surface of the water the sun's rays seldom reach, and one may go many miles along waterways where it is well nigh as dark as night because the sky is almost completely shut out by the mass of vines which interlace the trees and are so thick with leaves. Deprived of the sunlight, all is dark and rank. The damp air is laden with unhealthful vapor. The surface of the water in places where the current is too sluggish to carry it away is covered with scum and weed.

It requires no little courage to explore these fastnesses, for a man really takes his life in his hands, so unhealthy are they. Occasionally, however, one can see the upper portion of the forest where there is a little crevice in its roof of vines. Above this is really a scene of life and beauty. Birds and butterflies and other gorgeous insects are flying from place to place; flowers of hundreds of hues and shapes are blooming from the plants attached to tree, branch and trunk. While below all may be lifeless and silent, above the height where the mass of vines overshadow the river nature has created a world of brightness and animation; but, as already stated, it is almost entirely shut out from the human eye.

To attempt to break through this canopy of vines which hide it from the lower world is almost impossible because the vines grow so thickly, but some naturalists have penetrated it and say that the forests really have two surfaces, the one above this artificial roof and the one below. That which is above is barred from human entrance; its inhabitants are mostly birds and insects that are radiant with beauty unequaled in the world.

Whatever grows in the Amazon mud strives with desperate internecine struggle to reach this sky exposed surface and there blossoms. Beneath, where man can walk or float, all is dark. Only here and there a fitful ray of sunlight struggles through. Orchids blossom within this shadowy region

You can see these bright creatures flitfully in the cavern below, but not in all their glory, as they must behold one another above. Sometimes as they flit about beneath they will chance to cross a sunbeam shooting through a hole in the vegetation; then for an instant they flash into view like an explosion of burning color. It is thus that the great butterflies are seen to the best effect. No one can imagine what a picture they produce in their native haunts as their wings flash and close and flash again in the sunlight as they fly.

No; this upper world of the Amazon forests has been closed to human beings and promises to remain a perpetual mystery unless with the aid of some aerial craft one may be able to visit it.—Chambers' Journal.

PAWNSHOP L

A Business Chat Between a Customer and His Uncle.

Maybe you never had occasion to go to a pawnshop. Probably it's just as well. If you ever have gone there, though, you may have learned that the pawnshop has a lingo of its own.

Hark to a conversation overheard—oh, a man told me about it—in a place on Ontario street.

A young man with a worldly wise expression had just walked in, unhooked a large gold watch from a chain and handed it to the man across the counter for inspection.

"How many do I cop on the chimer?" he inquired nonchalantly.

"Cough your figure," said the duck behind the counter.

"Would four sawbucks find you in the front parlor?"

"Not so, my cheelih. I c'n get a dray load of 'em for forty."

"Aw, well, pass me over sixty Mexicans, then."

"Nope. Come again. Thirty's too strong too."

"Say, bo, where do you think I get this ticker—by findin' six out o' twelve faces in the picture?" inquired the young man with a disgusted leer. "Anyhow, twenty-five's the rock figure. That goes. Nothin' less.

"Twenty-five on a gilt dial," murmured the money lender as he wrote out the ticket and the transaction was ended.

The next customer was a red haired youth with a forehead about one and one-eighth inch high and carrying a suit of clothes under his arm.

"How often for me happy rags?" he asked, spreading them out on the counter.

"Up to you."

"'Bout four, then. They're gay ones."

"Split," said the other laconically. "Better rake it down too. Can't play the high one."

"What—on'y a double on them giddy rags?" in a tone of injury.

"Two's the limit."

"You win." And, taking the two dollar bill and his ticket, he went his way. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FAULTS OF GOLFERS.

To Cure Them the Play of Experts Should Be Studied.

The common faults of the golfer may be named in the following order of importance: Swinging too quickly, taking the eye off the ball, holding the left hand under the club, keeping the hands too near the body and standing too near the ball.

The easiest, says Outing—indeed, the only satisfactory—way of curing all these faults is to go out and watch some first class experts play. If you cannot find any expert of the first class go for the best available.

This, of course, is rudimentary advice and certainly not original. The youngest caddie at St. Andrews has learned to request his master to keep his eye on the ball and not to press. The trouble is that no amount of book teaching will make you follow this advice.

There is only one way to hit a golf ball. You must watch a good player and imitate what he does. Most beginners make the serious mistake of taking lessons from professionals, who watch their pupils play and try to correct them. The pupil would get twice as much good out of the lesson if he would watch the professional play and think as little as possible about himself.

The human being is naturally imitative. If you sit and watch a good tennis match between first class players you will unconsciously finish your stroke better the next time you take up a racket. With golf this is particularly true, because nothing is so important as the rhythmical timing of the stroke which distinguishes a good player from bad.

Made a Social Outcast.

In court circles in England it is a serious matter to incur royal displeasure. The man or woman who does so intentionally ceases to be recognized by his majesty, which means social extinction. The offender's name is struck out of the visiting list of every person who is anybody in society, and should the offender be a man he is politely informed that his resignation from his club or clubs would not be out of place. No man or woman of social repute will in future know him, and if he be in the army or navy he has no option but to resign, for he will find himself cut dead by every one of his brother officers.—London M. A. P.

His Own Hands.

A fashionable painter, noted for his prolific output, was discussing at a studio tea in New York a recent scandal in the picture trade.

"Look here, old man," said a noted etcher, "do you paint all your own pictures?"

"I do," the other answered hotly, "and with my own hands too."

"And what do you pay your hands?" the etcher inquired. "I'm thinking of starting an art factory myself."

Awaiting Her Chance.

Maud—I do wish Tom would hurry up and propose.

Ethel—But I thought you didn't like him.

Maud—I don't. I want to get rid of him.—Boston Transcript.

In and Out.

Wigg—There seems to be quite a difference between a job and a situation.

Wagg—Oh, yes. For instance, when a fellow loses his job he often finds himself in an embarrassing situation.—Philadelphia Record.

TOOK HIM AT HIS WORD.

Don Platt's Client Had a Stunted Sense of Humor.

A quaint story about Don Platt is told in the "Recollections of a Varied Life," by George Cary Eggleston. The story is given in Mr. Platt's own words:

"When I was a young man trying to get into a law practice in Ohio and eager to advertise myself by appearing in court a fellow was indicted for arson. He came to me, explaining that he had no money with which to pay a lawyer, but that he thought I might like to appear in a case so important and that if I would do the best I could for him he stood ready to do anything for me that he could by way of recompense. I took the case, of course. It was a complex one, and it offered opportunities for browbeating and 'balling up' witnesses—a process that specially impresses the public with the sagacity of a lawyer who does it successfully. Then, if by any chance I should succeed in acquitting my client, my place at the bar would be secured as that of 'a sharp young feller who had beaten the prosecuting attorney himself.'

"But in telling my client I would take his case the demon of humor betrayed me. Just across the street from my lodging was a negro church, and there was a 'revival' going on at the time. They 'revived' till 2 o'clock or later every night with shoutings that interfered with my sleep. With playful impulse I said to the accused man:

"'You seem to be an expert in the arts of arson. If you'll burn that negro church I'll feel that you have paid me full price for my service in defending you.'

"I defended him, and as the witnesses against him were all of shady character I succeeded in securing his acquittal. About 4 o'clock the next morning a fire broke out under all four corners of that negro church, and before the local fire department got a quart of water into action it was a heap of smoldering ashes, hymn books and all. A week or so later I received a letter from my ex-client. He wrote from St. Louis, 'on his way west,' he said. He expressed the hope that I was 'satisfied with results' and begged me to believe that he was 'a man of honor, who never failed to repay an obligation or reward a service.'"

FIRST PICTURE BOOK.

The Daring Idea That Was Carried Out by Johann Comenius.

Some 300 years ago a German savant had a wonderful vision. At that time children were taught to read by force of arms, so to speak, through hardships and with bitter toil on the part of teacher and of child. It seems curious that the first real step toward lightening the labor of children as they climb the ladder of learning was the product of the imagination not of some fond mother or gentlewoman teacher, but of a bewigged and bestled university doctor.

It was Johann Comenius, however, who first conceived the daring idea that children could be taught by the aid of the memory and the imagination working together, "by means," as he quaintly expressed it, "of sensuous impressions conveyed to the eye, so that visual objects may be made the medium of expressing moral lessons to the young mind and of impressing those lessons upon the memory." In other words, the good herr doctor had the bright idea that picture books could be useful to children. Comenius made his first picture book and called it the "Orbis Pictus." It contains rude woodcuts representing objects in the natural world, as trees and animals, with little lessons about the pictures. It is a quaint volume and one that would cause the average modern child not a little astonishment were it placed before him.

As truly, however, as that term may be applied to any other book that has since been written, the "Orbis Pictus" was an epoch making book. It is the precursor of all children's picture books, and modern childhood has great cause to bless the name of Comenius.

Not the Same Spelling.

A stout man had recourse to a doctor to see whether something could not be done to reduce his size. "It's a disgrace, doctor!" he cried. "Just look at this bay window of mine! Now, what would you advise?"

"Well," replied the physician, eying his waist line, "all I can suggest is to diet."

"All right, doctor; I'm willing. What color would you suggest?"—Philadelphia Press.

Application Refused.

Upon a bet the damsel wed.
Ere many weeks, of course,
She went before a judge and said
She wanted a divorce.

The judge evinced but slight regret
And told her, with a snort,
That one who married on a bet
Should be a gamer sport.
—Kansas City Journal.

A-Birge.

She laid the still white form beside those which had gone before. No sob, no sigh, forced its way from her heart, throbbing as though it would burst. Suddenly a cry broke the stillness of the place—one single heart-rending shriek; then silence. Another cry, more silence. Then all silent but for a few moral remarks, which seemed to well up from her very soul. She left the place. She found my another suit tomorrow.—Princeton Tiger.

Trouble Ahead:

We do not care a rap
About the liquid fuss,
A rum and water scrap
Has no regrets for us.
But later we expect
A riot of a ruin,
How will the strike affect
The ice cream soda trade?
—Boston Herald.

A Point of Information.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, "if the evidence shows in your minds that pneumonia was the cause of the man's death the prisoner cannot be convicted."

An hour later a messenger came from the jury room.

"The gentlemen of the jury, my lord," he said, "desire information."

"On what point of evidence?"

"None, my lord. They want to know how to spell 'pneumonia.'"—London Answers.

THE DIVER'S DRESS.

Evolution of the Devices Used For Submarine Work.

Among pioneer inventors to whom the diving dress in its present perfected form owes so much was William Hannis Taylor. The previous hit or miss attempts were superseded by the Taylor patent of June 20, 1866, in which the essential feature was the valve allowing the emission of consumed air without an influx of water.

Previous to this time there had been the diving chests and the diving bell, of which the latter, introduced by Spenston in 1778, was the oldest and most practical device for submarine exploration. The diving bell has been developed alongside of the diving dress and is still in use.

The general appearance of Taylor diving armor was like that of knight's suit of mail, except for prominent bulge in the body piece. A large pipe coming down from the surface and penetrating the body piece at the bulge supplied the fresh air, while a short pipe entered the body piece on the other side and was provided with a valve which carried off the exhaust. Although diving armor has now reached its perfected state, this valve has never been materially improved upon. —Scientific American.

Too Common.

"What's this clause here in fine print?" asked the man who was taking out the accident insurance policy.

"That's a notification that we decline to be held responsible in cases of alleged plantitis."

"Plantitis! What the blue blazes is that?"

"That's the general name for a very common line of accidents that happen to men who are forced to move their wives' rubber plants about the house." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Human Interest.

I don't pretend to know the ways
Of baseball men. I'm baffled quite
By writers who describe the plays
In language weirdly erudite.
And yet I cheer and cheer again.
I love the pastime, truth to tell,
Because it gives me now and then
A chance to get outdoors and yell.
—Detroit News.

Not the Same Spelling.

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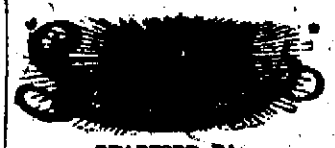

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Call at my Store and look over my stock of
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BLANKETS,
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The best goods at reasonable prices.
CHARLES LEMMLER
Smethport, Pa.

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Life, Fire & Accident
—WRITTEN BY—
W. F. SPECHT,
Smethport, Pa.
In good reliable companies

Just Received
A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes, I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5 and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.
May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

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FRESH and SALT.
FISH
Groceries
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Cures Headache In a Flash
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No matter what the cause—over work, worry, overindulgence.
At all druggists, 10c & 25c
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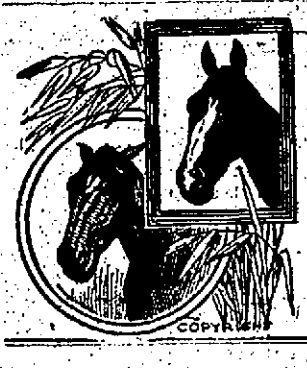

THE QUALITY OF THE FEED
has very much to do with the quality of the horse. Feed him properly and he will show it, as by purchasing your horse feed at F. A. GREEN'S you will get it absolutely fresh, and absolutely clean, as must and mildew, or seeds of injurious weed mixed with the feed will surely injure the horse.
F. A. GREEN,
Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's
Go to Brasted's For CUT
FLOWERS and POTTED PLANTS.

Woman's Power Over Man

Woman's most glorious endowment is the power to awaken and hold the pure and honest love of a worthy man. When she loses it and still loves on, no one in the wide world can know the heart agony she endures. The woman who suffers from weakness and derangement of her special womanly organism soon loses the power to sway the heart of a man. Her general health suffers and she loses her good looks, her attractiveness, her amiability and her power and prestige as a woman. Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N.Y., with the assistance of his staff of able physicians, has prescribed for and cured many thousands of women. He has devised a successful remedy for woman's ailments. It is known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a positive specific for the weaknesses and disorders peculiar to women. It purifies, regulates, strengthens and heals. Medicine dealers sell it. No *honest* dealer will advise you to accept a substitute in order to make a little larger profit.

IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG. SICK WOMEN WELL.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and strengthen Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything pertaining to the line of

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Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

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Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

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THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER
$1.00 per year in advance.

The Big Store.

HAYING TIME

is always an anxious one until the last load is safely in the barn or on the stack. Labor and annoyance is saved by using our up-to-date implements. We have all the newest patterns in scythes, rakes, forks, rope, twine, carriers and track, and everything needed for the harvesting season. Our prices are beyond competition.

W. B. MEANS.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, July 7, 1910.

Local and General.

—And the next day it snowed.

—Thomas Camp is building a garage in the rear of his residence on Main street.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Eastman of King street, Monday, July 4, 1910, a baby boy.

—The residence of Curt Withorow on East Main street is being brightened by a coat of paint.

—The eight-year-old son of Vincent Rush of Ridgway disappeared on Wednesday of last week and it is feared that he may have been kidnapped.

—Mrs. D. C. Young of this borough entertained a number of ladies at the Young farm at Farmers Valley Friday in honor of Mrs. Gard Young of Geneva, N. Y., who has been her guest.

—As will be seen by a notice which appears in another column of to-day's Miner, a United States Civil Service examination will be held at Colegrove Saturday, July 30, for the purpose of filling the contemplated vacancy of the position of fourth class postmaster at Norwich, Pa.

—The final hearing in the bankruptcy case of W. A. Andorfer of this borough was held at the office of Referee T. B. Wilson in Bradford last Saturday morning, and resulted in Mr. Andorfer being adjudged a bankrupt. Attorneys T. H. Morrison and Sheridan Gorton of this borough were in attendance at the hearing.

—The Mt. Jewett News came to our desk last week changed from its former four page style into an eight page, six column paper. The News recently installed a typesetting machine and is a publication that is up to the minute in every sense of the word. In its new make-up the paper presents a much improved appearance.

—The new Fair car has arrived and it is a beauty. It is a 1911 model C "Empire 20" and is the most racy little car that has made its appearance in Smethport in a long time. The car will be used for distributing advertising for the Fair and Races which take place Sept. 6, 7, 8 and 9 and on the last day it will be given away to some holder of a season ticket for the big fair and races. The number of season tickets to be sold is limited to 4000 and the sale of these tickets will begin on Saturday

—Saturday afternoon as Merle Cosper of this borough was riding a motorcycle along Water street at a good rate of speed a small boy threw a chunk of mud, which struck the rider in the eye, causing him to lose control of the machine and a bad spill resulted. The machine was damaged considerably and put out of commission for the time being, while Cosper escaped uninjured.

—Francis, the 11-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Mack of Mt. Jewett, former residents of Smethport, was run down by a B., R. & P. freight train at Mt. Jewett Friday with the result that his right foot was badly crushed. The boy was taken to Bradford in the evening and conveyed to the Bradford hospital. The lad's injuries were such that it was found necessary to amputate his foot just above the ankle.

—The delivery wagon of Colegrove's grocery was struck by an automobile in front of the residence of Jonathan Colegrove on East Main street Tuesday evening. The car struck the wagon a glancing blow and the horse jumped forward in time to draw the rig out of the way and no damage was done. Mr. Colegrove was driving the rig at the time of the accident.

—The following expense accounts have been filed at the court house in this borough by candidates in the late primaries: For Congress, Charles E. Patton, $5,626.45; for Assembly, Mr. Huff of Kane spent less than $50; Edward R. Benson, Democratic candidate, $68.70; Samuel E. Bell, Republican, $755.70; H. H. Redfield, Republican, 990.84; Hon. R. W. Hilton, Democratic, $155; Hon. R. P. Hobgood, Republican, $369.06. The account of Lewis Emery, Jr., has not yet been filed.

—Tuesday morning, S. J. Kennemuth, a well known oil producer of Rew was painfully hurt while driving an auto from Rew to Bradford. The accident happened as Mr. Kennemuth was descending Summit Hill above Red Rock. At that point the driver lost control of his machine and as he turned a curve the machine turned turtle. Being thrown some distance Mr. Kennemuth struck, with great force, on the ground and sustained a fracture of the right shoulder and several severe bruises and lacerations. The injured man was brought to Bradford in Charles Schwab's automobile and taken to the Bradford hospital. The Kennemuth machine was considerably damaged.

POWDER AND GUNS.

Evidence That They Were Used Long Before the Christian Era.

There is abundant evidence that the origin of gunpowder and artillery goes far back in the dim ages of the past.

The Hindoo code, compiled long before the Christian era, prohibited the making of war with cannon and guns or any kind of firearms. Quintus Curtius informs us that Alexander the Great met with fire weapons in Asia, and Philostratus says that Alexander's conquests were arrested by the use of guppowder. It is also written that those wise men who lived in the cities of the Ganges "overthrew their enemies with tempests and thunderbolts shot from the walls." Julius Africanus mentions shooting powder in the year 275. It was used in the siege of Constantinople in 668, by the Arabs in 690, at Thessalonica in 904, at the siege of Belgrade in 1078, by the Greeks in naval battle in 1003, by the Arabs against the Iberians in 1147 and at Toulouse in 1218.

It appears to have been generally known throughout civilized Europe as early as 1300, and soon thereafter it made its way into England, where it was manufactured during the reign of Elizabeth, and we learn that a few arms were possessed by the English in 1310 and that they were used at the battle of Crecy in 1346.—Cassier's Magazine.

SHERIDAN'S RUSE.

It Settled the Dramatist's Account With His Wine Merchant.

It is related of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the dramatist and statesman, that, always in debt, he had among his creditors the brothers Chalie, who were the partners in a wine firm in 1775.

One day when he was giving a dinner party to some distinguished people Sheridan sent for one of the brothers, told him he was now able to settle his account and invited him to the dinner party, asking him to come before the hour for some private conversation.

Chalie arrived early, and he was no sooner in the house than Sheridan sent off a servant with a note to the clerk, desiring him, as Mr. Chalie was favoring him with his company, to send as soon as possible three dozen of burgundy, two dozen of claret and two dozen of port, with a dozen of old hock.

The unsuspecting clerk sent the wine, with which the guests were so pleased that they asked where it came from. Sheridan, turning toward Chalie, said, "I am indebted to my friend here for all the wine you have tasted and am always proud to recommend him."

It was not until the following morning that Chalie realized the double meaning in Sheridan's words. The debt was canceled.

A Queer Fish.

A male fish which hatches the young of its mate is the chromis pater-familias. It is found in the Lake of Tiberias, Palestine. Strange to say, this industrious fish hatches its young in its mouth. When the female has spawned in the sand, the male approaches and draws the eggs into his gills, where they remain until hatched, when they struggle out of their confinement into the parent's mouth. As many as 200 perfect young are sometimes found in the mouth of an adult male. How the fish manages to feed itself without swallowing the young is a mystery. The grown fish is about seven inches long and one and three-quarters wide. Its back is olive green, shot with blue, and the belly is silver white, marked with green and blue. Near ancient Capernaum some hot springs form a small stream which runs into the lake, and it is in these warm waters that the chromis abounds.

No Common Dog.

Gentleman (to dog dealer)—I gave you a high price for this dog last week because you warranted it to be a good house dog. My house was broken into last night, and the dog never even barked.

Dog Dealer—No, sir; I quite believe yer. He was too busy lookin' for the burglars, so as to be able to identify 'em, to even think of barkin'. If you was out with this 'ere dog and was to meet 'em burglars he'd know 'em in a minute. He ain't no common barkin' dog; he's a reg'ler 'tective 'an' worth 'is weight in gold, he is.—London Answers.

Not Her Fault.

Mrs. Lapsling was expressing her regret that she had been unable on account of illness to be present at the funeral of a neighbor.

"I always feel," she said, "that I ought to attend the obloquies of a friend, but I just couldn't go."—Chicago Tribune.

Inherited.

"And now," said Professor Longhunter as he greeted Henry Peck, "what shall we make of your little boy—a lecturer? He has a sincere taste for it."

"I know he has," replied the male parent. "He inherits it from his mother."

Dividing Her Weight.

"Don't stand on that delicate table to hang the picture, Martha. It'll break. You're too heavy."

"Oh, no, I'm not, mum. It'll bear me. I'm standing only on one foot."

We are inclined to believe in those whom we do not know because they have never deceived us.—Johnson.

A Nice (?) Distinction.

Her son had married a fair lady tried.
She sort young fellows don't write home about.
One soothed, "It may come right, dear, in the end."
She said, "The Lord's ways are past finding out."
The mother sighed: "But one thing cannot mend!
The woman's not respectable!" "No doubt."
The comforter smiled back, "but, then, she's—well.
My dear, she's perfectly presentable."
—Life.

Holding Her Own.

The patient, an elderly gentleman, became quite ill while the doctor was absent upon a holiday, the indisposition being the result of too frequent potations. A female nurse was at once engaged to care for him in his hotel.

A lady residing in the same hotel became aware of his illness and interested herself to the extent of one morning inquiring concerning his condition of the chambermaid.

"Shure, ma'am," replied Maggie, "an' I think he do be gettin' along very well. The nurse was sittin' on his lap this mornin'."—Western Druggist.

The Ravages of the Pillow.

The baby's hair begins to wear.
See how her head shows through!
She'll have to get some new.
There's such a tremendous wear and tear
On little Babykins' suit of hair.

The baby's shoe is good as new,
Her stockings are not worn,
Her jacket is not torn.
But the back of her head—it is all threadbare.
The baby is dreadfully hard on hair.
—Woman's Home Companion.

A Night Chutney.

The triplane, making a twelve hour journey from London to Hongkong, had got into difficulties among the stars. Something apparently was wrong with the engine, for the customary speed of the airship had suddenly and considerably slackened.

"Good heavens!" cried the skipper. "We shall be half a second late! What makes her go so slow?"

"Why, sir," replied the engineer, "we're passin' through the Milky way, an' the propeller's full o' butter!"—Ideas.

Envious.

"Just think of it!" said the student of immigration. "Many men who come to this country cannot write their own names."

"Yes," answered Mr. Pinchpenny, "and when I get down my check book on the first of the month I am inclined to envy them."—Washington Star.

Fixing the Break.

"They were both broken up by their separation."

"But I understand they've effected a reconciliation and are now repaired."—St. Louis Star.

There is no teacher like necessity; it has been the making of man; it wakes up his dormant faculties and stimulates to action his latent talents.

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT

Quick Lunches at all Hours
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
—also—
BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS a specialty
JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

Good Groceries.

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL to receive our careful attention.

We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

"Sunkist"

Oranges, Lemons

"SUNKIST"

means orange perfection.

I have a superb assortment of the choicest fruit this week.

J. Colegrove,

Dealer in fine Groceries, Fancy Fruits and Delicacies.

WE

Are now fully located in our new store on Main street and would be delighted to have

YOU

Call and inspect our fine and complete line of

WINTER FOOTWEAR

FOR

MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN.

We can satisfy both your fancy and purse in BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, etc.

Anderson & Carlson,

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Repairing a Specialty.

EARLY RISERS
The famous little pills.

A BIG SAVING!

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The McKean County Miner, Smetport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.50 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per month, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.50 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, July 7, 1910.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Governor.
JOHN K. TENER,
of Washington County.

For Lieutenant Governor.
JOHN REYNOLDS,
of Bedford County.

For State Treasurer.
CHARLES FRED WRIGHT,
of Susquehanna County.

For Secy. of Internal Affairs.
HENRY HOUCH,
of Lebanon County.

For Congress.
CHARLES E. PATTON,
of Curwensville.

For Members of Assembly.
SAMUEL E. BELL,
of Smethport.
HORACE H. REDFIELD,
of Smethport.

Charles E. Patton of Centre county, Republican candidate for Congress in this district is making a brief visit in this county and was a Smethport visitor yesterday afternoon and this morning. He was accompanied on his trip here by County Chairman R. P. Habgood and Frank Hamilton of Bradford. Mr. Patton is a gentleman who makes friends easily and has the ability to keep them and he will undoubtedly receive a large majority in this county this fall.

"An habitual incorrigible enemy of society should be solemnly adjudged to be put to death." Judge George C. Holt, of the United States district court of New York, made this statement before the Wisconsin State Bar association last week. He spoke on "The Extent of Unpunished Crime in This Country and the Remedies for It." The jurist said that the tendency to mob violence and the extent of unpunished crime were the greatest menace to American society. He said there were 100,000 unhanged murderers in this country, whose crimes lay in the fact that they had participated in lynchings. He deplored the number of black hand murders and the number of people killed annually by fast automobile drivers, and the weakness of the court and the police to punish the guilty. And the Judge's views are shared by many others. An open enemy to society should receive no quarter from society. There is no mercy in his heart for his victims.

A Bar Harbor, Me., dispatch of the 6th. inst. says. Chief Justice Melville E. Fuller of the United States supreme court died of heart failure at his summer home in Sorrento at 6 o'clock yesterday morning.

The death was unexpected as he had been in apparently good health lately, and there had been no preliminary symptoms of any kind of trouble. Sunday he attended church as usual, and when he retired at night he was to all appearances, in his customary health.

Death came about 6 o'clock. His daughter, Mrs. Nathaniel Francis, and the Rev. James E. Freeman, who was a guest at the cottage, were with the jurist when he died.

The funeral services will be held at Sorrento, and the burial will be at Chicago.

Chief Justice Fuller was in his 78th year. For many years he had spent his summers at Sorento, a summer colony located on Frenchman's bay, five miles from Bar Harbor.

NEW CHEMICAL PRODUCT.

Experiments are Being Carried on at Smethport Chemical Co.'s Plant.

—The Smethport Chemical Co. is experimenting at their plant at East Smethport with an additional product to be secured from chemical wood, the nature of which is being kept secret, but is said to mean a fortune for both the chemist who is fortunate enough to discover the process and the concern which is lucky enough to secure the manufacturing privilige.

The chemist who has hit upon the process which is now being given a trial is Mr. E. French, who has been located in this borough for over a year past. A small still and retort have been installed at the plant, by means of which the experiments are being conducted, and it is said that the process promises to be a most successful one.

Mr. French, who is one of the foremost chemists of the country, has already installed a process for obtaining an acid at the Newerf chemical works which is a great success.

Resolutions.

Farmers Valley, Pa., July 5, 1910.

At a regular meeting of Valley Grange, No. 1190, held July 2, 1910, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, is has pleased the Great Master of the Universe to remove from our midst our late brother, Henry Cook; and

Whereas, it is but just that a fitting recognition of his many virtues should be had; therefore be it

Resolved, by Valley Grange, No. 1190, that, while we bow with humble submission to the will of the Most High, we do not the less mourn for our brother who has been taken from us.

Resolved, that in the death of Henry Cook this Grange laments the loss of a brother who was ever ready to proffer the hand of aid and the voice of sympathy to the needy and distressed of the Fraternity, an active member of this society, whose utmost endeavors were exerted for its welfare and prosperity; a friend and companion who was dear to us all; a citizen whose upright and noble life was a standard of emulation to his fellows.

Resolved, that the heartfelt sympathy of this Grange be extended to his widow in her affliction, and that the charter be draped in mourning for thirty days, and that these resolutions be spread upon the records of the Grange and a copy thereof be transmitted to the widow of our deceased brother, and to several of our county papers.

LAURA E. QTTO,
L. A. PATTERSON,
F. B. STEINHAUER,
Committee.

Fourth Class Postmaster Examination.

The United States Civil Service Commission announces that on Saturday, July 30, 1910, an examination will be held at Colegrove, Pa., as a result of which it is expected to make certification to fill a contemplated vacancy in the position of fourth class postmaster at Norwich, McKean county, Pa., five miles south of Colegrove, Pa., and other vacancies as they may occur at that office, unless it shall be decided in the interests of the service to fill the vacancy by reinstatement.

Age limit, 21 years and over on the date of the examination, with the exception that in a State where women are declared by statute to be of full age for all purposes at 18 years, women 18 years of age on the date of the examination will be admitted.

Applicants must reside within the territory supplied by the post office for which the examination is announced.

The examination is open to all citizens of the United States who can comply with the requirements.

Application forms and full information concerning the requirements of the examination can be secured from the postmaster at Colegrove, Pa., or the postmaster at Southard, Pa., or from the U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

Applications should be properly executed and filed with the Commission at Washington within 7 days before the date of the examination, otherwise it may be impracticable to examine the applicants.

U. S. CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

Resolutions of Condolence.

Adopted by the Smethport Fire Department on the death of Joseph McCabe and Harold E. Backus, members of the Department.

Whereas, It has pleased God in His infinite wisdom to take from our ranks Brothers Joseph McCabe and Harold E. Backus, be it

Resolved, that in the death of brothers Joseph McCabe and Harold E. Backus Smethport Fire Department has lost two of its young, active and respected members. Brother McCabe prior to his departure for the South having been the efficient assistant chief of the Department, whose close application to duty and kindly disposition endeared him to all. Brother Harold E. Backus, as a member of Hose Company One, always willing to serve, ever ready to oblige, with a smile and pleasant word for everyone made him a general favorite with the entire organization.

Resolved: That this Department while deeply deploring the taking away from its ranks these two worthy brothers at the threshhold of manhood it bows in humble submission to the Divine will of the Ruler of all nations. And be it further

Resolved: That this Department extend its heartfelt sympathy to the families of our deceased brothers; that a copy of these resolutions be spread on our minutes; a copy be sent to each of the stricken families, and published in the newspapers of this borough.

J. V. McALPIN,
W. B. HOPPER,
B. F. STARSKY,
Committee.

Application for Bids for Painting and Repairing Schools in Sergeant Township.

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids for the Painting inside and out, of the Hutchins school, outside of the Burning Well School, Varnishing inside of Halsey School, Repair of stone foundation of Amend School, and other minor repairs needed for the Schools of Sergeant Twp. will be received by the School Board, until July 25th, 1910, at which time the same will be opened, and contracts awarded. The School Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

For details of the work to be done, and specifications, apply to the undersigned.

A. R. ANDERSON,
By order of the Board. Secretary.
June 25th, 1910. Clermont, P.
June 30—2t.

New Spring Millinery.
For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

The Social Breakfast.

A London newspaper wonders why we no longer invite people to breakfast. The reason is to be found in the state of mind that usually possesses the free and independent citizen at that hour in the morning, a state of mind that makes him unbearable to himself and to every one who comes near him. Presumably it was not ever so, for invitations to breakfast were once common enough, and not so long ago either. Mr. Gladstone used to have guests to breakfast every Thursday morning as recently as 1884, and it was thought sufficient to supply tea and coffee, eggs, bread and butter and perhaps some cold meat. But the really solid breakfast had come into fashion long before then, and it is said that the English learned the fashion from the Scotch. Motley, when he was ambassador to England, found that the substantial breakfast was grievously opposed to the simpler customs of his own country. He says, "When I reflected that all these people would lunch at 2 and dine at 8 I bowed my head in humiliation, and the fork dropped from my nerveless grasp."—Argonaut.

Big Clocks.

The big clock of the Metropolitan tower at Madison square, New York, is by long odds the costliest and most elaborate public timepiece ever constructed and is the only great clock in the world operated wholly by electricity without the touch of human hands. Some of its other wonders are its size, being the largest four dial tower clock and the third largest clock of any size in the world, and its altitude, which is the highest of any clock in the world. It has also the biggest and heaviest striking bell.

The other three largest clocks are the one face dial of the Colgate factory in Jersey City, which is forty feet across, the next in size of mammoth public chronometers being the dial at St. Bombort's, in the old city of Malines, in Belgium, which is thirty-six feet across. St. Peter's of Zurich, Switzerland, has a dial face twenty-nine feet, and then in order comes the Metropolitan tower clock, which is twenty-six feet six inches in diameter.

The Origin of the "Marseillaise."

In the reign of terror under Freron and Barras, when hundreds of victims were carved by the guillotine and the people rose against the aristocracy, was born the hymn of France, composed by Rouget de l'Isle. He was an officer of engineers and at a banquet was asked to compose a war song. He wrote it in his room that night before going to bed, and the next morning his hostess, the wife of the mayor of Strassburg, tried it on a piano, and in the afternoon the orchestra of the theater played it in the square of Strassburg, where it created much excitement and gathered many volunteers. Rouget called it a song for the Army of the Rhine, but subsequently it was sung by a regiment of volunteers, mostly assassins, who marched out of Marseilles to Paris, where it was appropriated by the capital and called the "Hymne des Marseillais." But Joseph Rouget, the author, died in poverty.—Deshler Welch in Harper's Magazine.

Westminster Hall.

Westminster hall, England's old hall of the king's justice, is one of the world's notable historical shrines. Built four centuries before Columbus sailed for America, burned, restored, remodeled, it has seen more history in the making than perhaps any other building west of Rome. Here some of the early parliaments met, and here the second Edward was expelled from his throne. Here Richard II. was deposed, Charles I. condemned and Cromwell hailed as lord protector, whose head, if the legend is authentic, was afterward exposed from one of the hall's pinnacles. Westminster hall was the scene of the trial of Warren Hastings. In it sentence of death was pronounced on William Wallace, Sir Thomas More, Somerset, Essex, Strafford and Guy Fawkes.—New York World.

Tried to Fly.

John Milton in "Britain to the Conquest" says that the youth King Harold, last of the Saxons, strangely aspiring, had made and fitted wings to his hands and feet. With these, on the top of a tower, spread out to gather the air, he flew more than a furlong; but, the wind being too high, he came fluttering to the ground, maiming all his limbs, yet so conceited was he of his art that the cause of his fall was attributed to the want of a tail, as birds have, which he forgot to make.

His Recommendation.

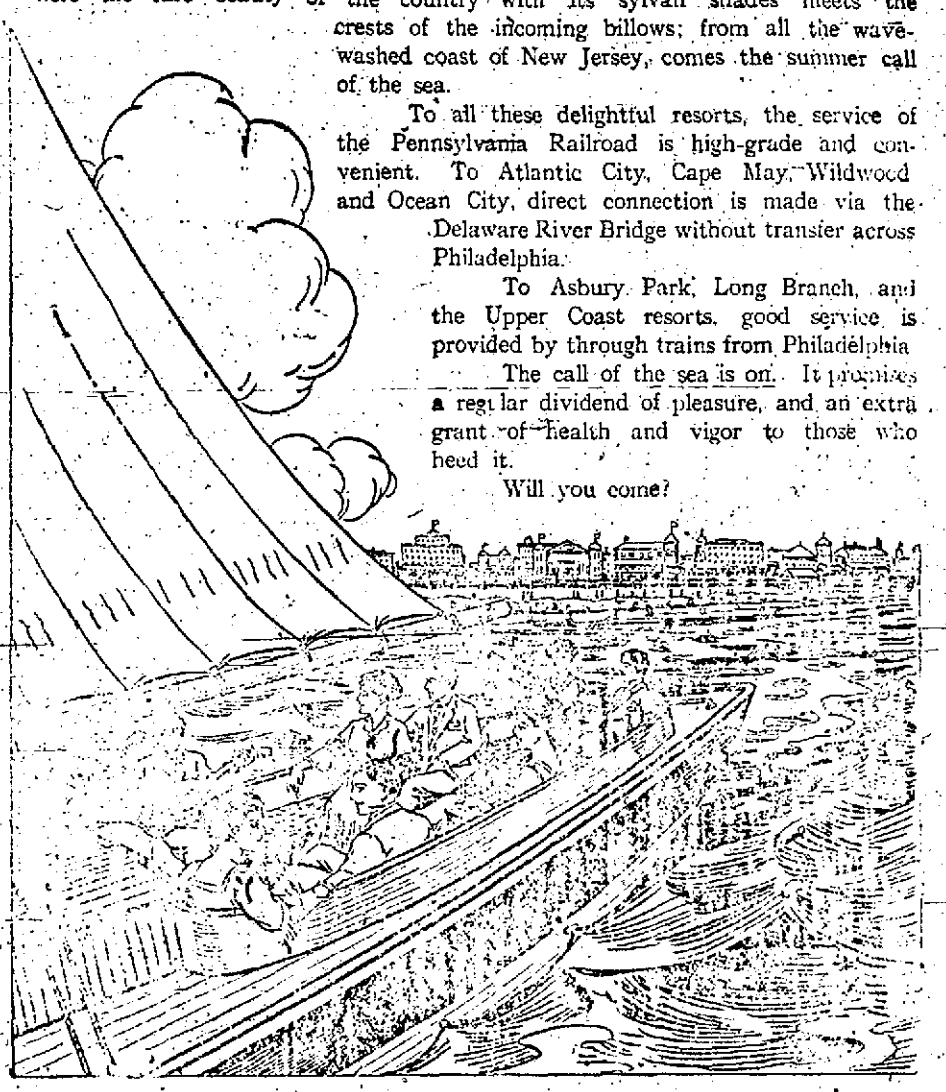
Tom—Hello, Bill! I hear you have a position with my friends Skinner & Co.? Bill—Oh, yes; I have a position as collector there, Tom. That's first rate. Who recommended you? Bill—Oh, nobody. I told them that I once collected an account from you, and they instantly gave me the place.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

THE CALL OF THE SEA.

"The water is fine; come in!"

From gay Atlantic City comes the call; from witching Wildwood; from Cape May in the flush of her rejuvenation; from Asbury Park and Long Branch where the rare beauty of the country with its sylvan shades meets the crests of the incoming billows; from all the wave-washed coast of New Jersey, comes the summer call of the sea.



To all these delightful resorts, the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad is high-grade and convenient. To Atlantic City, Cape May, Wildwood and Ocean City, direct connection is made via the Delaware River Bridge without transfer across Philadelphia.

To Asbury Park, Long Branch, and the Upper Coast resorts, good service is provided by through trains from Philadelphia

The call of the sea is on. It promises a regular dividend of pleasure, and an extra grant of health and vigor to those who heed it.

Will you come?

$500 Reward.

A reward of $500 is offered by the county commissioners of McKean county for the detection or apprehension and conviction of any person guilty of a felony in connection with the disappearance of Michael Steffan, a boy seven years of age, of Ludlow, McKean County, Pa., who was last seen in the woods near his home on Saturday, the 16th day of April, 1910.

JOHN A. PETERSON,
ARTHR M. MARSH,
JOHN P. DEVLIN,
County Commissioners of McKean County.

Smethport, Pa., June 15 1910.
June16—4t.

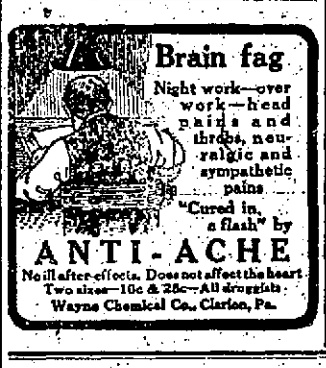
Glass Cutters Wanted.

15 experienced men, 10 smoothers, 5 roughers. Also experienced Acid Polisher.

WAYNE CUT GLASS CO.,
Towanda, Pa.

Westbrook Commercial Academy, Olean, N.Y.

29th Year
Will open Sept. 6
NEW CATALOGUE AND PARTICULARS ON REQUEST


Brain fag
Night work—over work—head pains and throbs, neuralgic and sympathetic pains
"Cured in a flash" by
ANTI-ACHE
No ill after-effects. Does not affect the heart
Two sizes—10c & 25c—All druggists
Wayne Chemical Co., Clarion, Pa.

JULY SALE ON ALL Mens Shoes and OXFORDS

Buy your celebrating footwear now and save money.

Sale starts June 25th, 1910.

$5.00 and $6.00 Shoes and Oxfords.....$3.95
$4.00 Shoes and Oxfords.....$3.15
$3.50 Shoes and Oxfords.....$2.95

Everything in our Shoe Department is reduced in price. Drop in and see for yourself before buying elsewhere.

H. W. Rubin,
Smethport, Pa.

THE DUNBAR AGENCY

VOLNEY F. DUNBAR

You can get all kinds of up-to-date Magazines, Ladies Style Books. Writings of Mrs. Georgie Sheldon. Frank Merriwill's Medal Library. Nick Carter's Magnet Library, and many others too numerous to mention.

Stationery, Garden Seeds, Cigars and notions.

—AT—

DUNBAR'S AGENCY,
Crosby, McKean Co. Pa.

SPRING IS THE TIME

to put in that bath room. I have in stock a fine line of fixtures for bath rooms.

Call and look them over. Low in price but high in quality.

Estimates cheerfully given free of charge

E. W. STRONG

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS.

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **F. H. Hungiville,** SMETHPORT

The Lindholm Company,

Mc Call's Patterns

Beautiful Flouncings.

We're offering some of the most beautiful flouncing at special prices. You ought to see them.

27 inch Nainsook Flouncing, in eyelet, floral and Neat designs. Special price at..... 45c and 85c

18 inch Nainsook flouncing in eyelet and floral patterns. Very fine qualities, per yard.....50c

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Asbestos Way

Asbestos Sad Irons

An Iron For Every Purpose

THE kind that are hot where you want them hot and cold where you want them cool.

When you iron with Asbestos Sad Irons, you feel like smiling, because there is no heat on your hands, no pulling of the goods, no breaking of locks, no trouble of any kind —but satisfaction.

FOR SALE BY

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 7, 1910.

Local and General.

—F. W. Brownell, the grocer, has a new advertisement in this issue.

—Mrs. E. French is confined to her apartments at the Wright House, seriously ill.

—Mrs. T. H. Morrison entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on West Main street yesterday afternoon.

—The Pennsylvania R. R. is advertising low rate excursions to the Atlantic sea board in another column of this issue.

—Fry & Comes have a change of advertisement in their space in another column of to-day's Miner. It will pay you to read it.

—The local P. H. C. will go to Bradford this evening where they will be the guests of the Bradford lodge of the order.

—It is understood that the amount cleared by the Smethport Fire Department which conducted the celebration of July 4th, will approximate $150.

—George Alcock has opened a shoe shining parlor in the Rubin building, opposite the Grand Central hotel. It is a much needed venture and should prove a success.

—At the M. E. parsonage yesterday afternoon, Rev. W. A. Harris said the words that united in marriage Mrs. Mae Goodno and Mr. Fred W. Walker, both of Bradford.

—A large banner advertising the McKean County Fair and Races to be held in this borough Sept. 6, 7, 8, & 9 has been stretched across Main street in front of the Grand Central hotel.

—Mayor Hoffman of Bradford has issued orders to the managers of moving picture houses in that city not to exhibit the moving pictures of the Johnson-Jeffries fight.

—Carefully prepared figures show the casualties resulting so far from Johnson's defeat of Jeffries throughout the country to be 18 dead, 254 injured. It is believed the death list will be greatly increased.

—The rain which came to the rescue of a parched landscape last evening is indeed a welcome one and it is to be hoped that it will remain with us until the effects of the dry spell along back have been remedied.

—George Sherburne has purchased the farm of C. D. Comes on the Potato creek road, about three miles south of Smethport, consideration $8,000. This is one of the finest farms in this section of the State and as Mr. Sherburne is a practical agriculturist it is safe to predict that he will make a success of his new venture.

—The handsome float which Fry & Comes placed in the industrial pageant last Monday morning was struck by a strong gust of wind during the course of the parade and the decorations were scattered about in much confusion.

—Harold McCarthy who sustained three fractures to his jaw in the recent automobile accident, besides other injuries, was able to get out of doors Wednesday for the first time. The fractured jaws are mending nicely and the young man is making remarkable strides towards a complete recovery, all of which will be pleasing news to his many freinds.

—Two intoxicated men succeeded in making themselves conspicuous on July 4th by driving a rig about the streets at break-neck speed. Their idotic antics were soon stopped by County Detective Jones, who seized the rig and kept it in charge until the occupants were in condition to take possession of it.

—E. T. Daly has been handicapped in getting around during the past week, as a result of an injury to one of his feet which he received when a horse stepped upon the member at his livery barn Monday. The hoof of the animal came in contact with Mr. Daly's ankle, tearing loose a cord and causing a painful injury.

—During the past week the borough council has caused to be erected just at the borough line, on all roads leading into Smethport, metal signboards conveying the following warning to automobilists: "Run Slow; Danger." The signs have been much needed and now that they have been placed in position it will not behoove automobile drivers to ignore them.

—The Smethport Rubber Co.'s plant on Fulton street is one of the liveliest places in town at the present time. The business of this plant is steadily increasing and it is understood that an output of from 60 to 100 fine inner tubes are being turned out daily, besides the extensive business done by the repair department, where damaged and worn out automobile and other rubber tires are made practically as good as new.

—The Fourth in Smethport came as near being a safe and sane one s could be desired. The use of explosives was limited and the day was not what would be termed a noisy one, and there was not a single accident as far as can be learned. The lock-up did not have to be called into use during the day and although some artistically decorated features were in evidence Tuesday, few fights are reported.

—The Berney-Bond bottle factory shut down last Thursday for the summer after one of the most successful seasons in the history of the plant. A large number of men have been employed and the industry has been a great support to this place. A force of men will be engaged the greater part of the summer in making many necessary repairs about the factory before the resumption of operations in the fall.

—S. F. Redfield and E. T. Newman of this borough won the doubles at the tennis tournament for the championship of McKean county held at the country club, Bradford, Monday last. Kane, Bradford and Smethport participated in the meet. This is a flattering victory for these two local experts. Mr. Newman, in company with Paul D. Hamlin, have, for two years past, won the cup for doubles in the Northwestern Pennsylvania tournaments.

—Beginning with next Sunday the services in the Methodist Episcopal church will open at eleven a. m. instead of 10:30 as heretofore. This will continue during July and August. The Epworth League will not meet during these two months. The evening service will be held at the same time as it has been, seven-thirty p. m., but the service will be shorter. This plan will be followed during the warm weather and it is believed that the people will appreciate this effort to adjust the work to the extreme weather of summer.

—County Commissioners Marsh and Peterson were in Kane attending to a couple of poor cases which they have made provisions for temporary relief. The one case is that of a young man who arrived here from Sweden about four months ago suffering from tuberculosis, and who has been at the hsopital since that time as a charity patient. The commissioners arranged to take him to the county home. The other is that of a family who are neglected by a father who is inclined to become intoxicated and does not support them.—Kane Leader.

—A peculiar aeroplane accident in which one machine fell on top of another, occurred at Oakland, Cal., last week, one aviator escaping unhurt, but the other sustaining a broken rib. Clifford O'Brien, in a Farman biplane, had circled the Emeryville race track several times when a sudden gust of wind caught him as he passed the grand stand. His aeroplane turned over and crashed to the ground. As he extricated himself from the wreck he saw a Curtis machine, driven by Samuel Smith, swooping down on him. O'Brien barely had time to jump aside as Smith's biplane caught in a treacherous gust of wind crashed down on the Farman machine. Both machines were wrecked.

—Persons living and employed about the court house square have been entertained for some time past by the playful antics of a robin and a squirrel. This strange friendship was formed soon after a pair of brown squirrels took up their residence in one of the trees on the court house lawn recently. The bird at first regarded the trespassers with animosity but a firm friendship has since sprung up between it and the male squirrel. The performance consists of the bird chasing its four-legged friend from tree to tree, the object being, to all appearances for the squirrel to elude its pursuer, which it successfully does. The robin will tree the squirrel and after playing hide and seek about the lower part of the tree trunk, the latter will come to the earth and make for another tree. The bird will remain standing on the ground until the squirrel starts to climb the trunk of the tree and then flys after it, reaching its objective point just as the forq little animal, awaiting the attack dexteriously slips around the tree trunk. The robin will then descend to the ground and the performance is repeated, and is kept up all day long.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Ira Hall of Olean is a Smethport visitor this week.

Mrs. Leo Digel was a Bradford visitor yesterday.

Miss Margaret Durst of Coudersport is visiting in town.

Miss Marjorie Gleason is visiting friends in Springville, N. Y.

Mrs. W. A. Harris is visiting friends in Medina, N. Y., this week.

Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Pierce returned home Saturday from Warren.

Ruth Howe spent Friday and Saturday with friends in Instanter.

Frank Sherburne was up from Olean a few days the first of the week.

Mrs. Arthur Cutler returned to her home in Oneonta, N. Y., Tuesday.

Miss Helen Newton of Fort Allegany is visiting friends in town.

Miss Alice Barry of Coleville is visiting friends and relatives in town.

James Tracey of Olean spent Sunday at the home of his uncle, George Howe.

Mrs. E. A. Freeman of Holley, N. Y., is visiting friends and relatives in town.

Miss Dewly Davis of Bradford is the guest of her sister, Mrs. T. H. Morrison.

Miss Mary Steinhauer of Farmers Valley is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. B. Hopper.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Grabe and children of Austin are visiting relatives in this place.

Mrs. John Tormey has returned to her home after six weeks' treatment at the Addison, N. Y., hospital, very much improved in health.

Rev. W. A. Harris returned home Tuesday from an extended visit in New York state.

Miss Rita Roeder of Farmers Valley was the guest of relatives in town Monday and Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Raymond have returned to their home in this place from Reynoldsville, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Alkrue of Shinglehouse were guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. McAhon over Sunday.

Miss Mary A. Craner of Phoenixville, Pa., is visiting her sister, Mrs. James Hulings of Willow street.

Mrs. H. S. Rogers and children of Mt. Jewett are visiting at the home of the former's father, H. M. Choate.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Calhoun and little Daniel Bacon of DuBois was visiting friends in town the forepart of the week.

Mattie daughter, Vivian, of Johnsonburg spent Sunday with friends and relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Bela Colegrove and daughter, Hazel, left this morning for a month's visit with friends at Burlington Flats.

Misses Jessie Finney and Adelia Gould of Friendship, N. Y., have been the guests of Mrs. Maria Carter for the past week.

Mrs. F. M. D. Watkins and sons, Francis and Hamilton, of Binghamton, N. Y., are visiting the former's mother, Mrs. B. F. Wright.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Donovan and son, Harold, of Olean were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Donovan the forepart of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Blake returned to their home in Eldred Tuesday after a short visit with the former's sister, Mrs. J. Clayton Backus.

Albin Anderson of Crosby was a pleasant caller at this office Saturday.

Paul Button of Hornell, N. Y., is visiting friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mitchell and son, John, of Erie, Pa., are visiting at the home of Mrs. Mitchell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest.

Ms. C. E. Barrett and granddaughter, Alice, departed Tuesday for an extended visit with relatives in Jamestown and Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. George Smart and daughter, Margaret, of Uniontown, Pa., are the guests of their daughter and sister, Mrs. Clarence Choate.

Mr. and Mrs. William Clothier and son, of Buffalo, are guests of Mrs. Clothier's mother, Mrs. J. W. Brennan.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Donnelly of Klefer, Okla., who have been visiting relatives in this place and Framers Valley started for their home Tuesday.

Miss Margaret Howe returned to her home at Instanter Wednesday morning, after spending a week with friends and relatives in town. She was accompanied by her aunt, Miss Josie Howe of New York, who has been the guest of her brother, George Howe, and family.

Never was my line of new spring trimmed and pattern hats more complete nor the styles more beautiful. A visit to my store will put you in touch with the latest styles for spring and summer.

—CARRIE CLARK.

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
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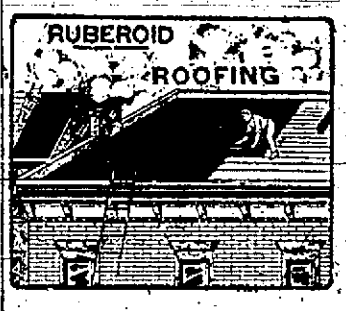

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DANCING STARS.

The Twinklers Seem to Jump When Viewed Through a Telescope.

One of the most interesting things appearing in the telescope when that instrument is pointing heavenward is the appearance of jumping stars. Of course we can see stars twinkle without a telescope, but with a telescope they may be seen to jump and actually to dance. The cause is the unmeasured mixing currents of light and heavy air causing refraction or bending of the rays of light coming from the star. We can see the same phenomenon by looking at a small object in a room through the air directly over a hot radiator. The object seems to jump and dance as if playing hide and seek with itself.

This jumping in the telescope or twinkling to the naked eye has also been explained by what is called interference. If two sources of light are placed close to each other, then on a screen placed properly we can catch an alternate band of white and dark lines. Of course if the eye be placed at a dark line it can see neither source of light. The production of these dark lines is accomplished by different light waves reaching the screen in opposite phases so as to blot out or cancel the effect due to each. In like manner it can be shown that if the star has polychromatic light it can and has actually been observed to change color from this effect alone.

The best time to observe this effect of star dancing is on a cold, crisp night. The telescope should be pointed to a twinkling star as near the horizon as can be found, as to see a star on the horizon we have to look through much more atmosphere than to see one in the zenith, and there is consequently more chance for varied currents.—St. Louis Republic.

THE STICK CAME BACK.

Coleridge Was In the Habit of Losing and Recovering It.

Of walking sticks there is no end. For interesting sticks, however, the one which Coleridge was in the habit of losing during his tramping days must take first place. The philosopher was never happy till he had got it back. He sent the crier round. Here is the cry, as noted by Mr. Lucas in one of his essays: "Missing, a curious walking stick. On one side it displays the head of an eagle, the eyes of which represent rising suns and the ears Turkish crescents. On the other side is the portrait of the owner in woodwork. Around the neck is a Queen Elizabeth's ruff in tin. All down it waves the line of beauty in very ugly carving."

And then came the appeal and warning note: "If any gentleman (or lady) has fallen in love with the above described stick and secretly carried off the same he (or she) is hereby earnestly admonished to conquer a passion the continuance of which must prove fatal to his (or her) honesty. And if the said stick has slipped into such a gentleman's (or lady's) hand through inadvertence he (or she) is requested to rectify the mistake with all convenient speed. God save the king!" The stick came back!—London Chronicle.

The Early Circus.

Leaving out of count the great circuses of Rome and Antioch and coming down to something of modern times, the first circus in England was on a footpath known as Halfpenny Hatch, in the Waterloo road, London. There, in 1770, Astley's first performance was given, with the aid of a drum, two fifes and one clown. A charge of sixpence was made for the front standing places. There was no building and not even a tent, but merely a ring of ropes and stakes. Primitive as were the arrangements, Astley soon attracted good audiences and was able to add to his program conjuring, transparencies, vaulting and tumbling, with displays of fireworks. In course of time he was able to hire an inclosed ground and erected seats under a substantial roof. He called the place Astley's amphitheater riding house.

Fooled the King.

In one of Sir Richard Francis Burton's rare collections of ancient Arabian stories is a story of how the king went into the dark among his sleeping slaves and detected the man he was after by putting his head upon all their breasts and listening to the tumult of the heart. The king cut off a lock of the culprit's hair, so he could tell him next day. But what did the sly rascal do but sneak up and cut every other slave's hair. When all the slaves were mustered next day before the throne the king saw he was beaten by a master mind and said, "Don't dare do it again." The king ought to have tried the Chinese test by giving them dry rice grains to chew. In fright the saliva will not flow, and the culprit has to spit his rice out dry.—New York Press.

A Gentle Hint.

Little Bobby had been forbidden to ask for dessert. The other day they forgot to serve him, and as Bobby is very obedient he remained silent, although much affected.

"Josephine," said the father, "pass me a plate."

"Won't you have mine?" cried little Bobby. "It is very clean."

An Exception.

Smith (dogmatically)—There is no rule without an exception. Brown—Oh, yes, there is! There is no exception to the rule that a man must always be present while being shaved.

Clap an extinguisher upon your irony if you are unhappily blessed with a vein of it.—Lamb.

TO SWAMP THE LORDS.

A Threat That Always Brings England's Upper House to Terms.

To override the veto of the house of lords by a wholesale creation of peers is a plan that has been often threatened, but hardly ever put into practice. It certainly places the king in a very unenviable predicament—so much so that in 1719, after a crisis of the kind, George I. caused to be introduced into the lords a bill for limiting the power of the sovereign to create peers, a sort of royal self denying ordinance.

The measure was twice passed in the lords, but twice rejected by the commons, which was lucky, for had it been carried it would have made the house of lords an almost unchangeable body, entirely beyond the control of king or minister or commons.

The nearest approach that was ever made to "swamping the lords" was in 1832, when the fate of the great reform bill trembled in the balance. Over and over again the measure had been passed by the commons, only to be rejected by the lords. The country was furious. Payment of taxes was refused. Riots broke out everywhere.

The prime minister, Lord Grey, went to the king and begged him to create new peers to carry the bill. His majesty refused, and the ministry resigned. The king, however, presently changed his mind and, fearing a revolution, agreed to the creation of a hundred new peers, "or more if necessary." Then, very reluctantly, the upper house gave way, and the bill became law.—London Family Herald.

THE DEATH DICE.

A Murder Case in Which They Returned a Just Verdict.

The German emperor some time ago presented to the Hohenzollern museum the "death dice" with which one of his ancestors decided a difficult case in the seventeenth century. The history of these dice is generally given as follows:

A young girl had been murdered. Suspicion fell upon two young soldiers, Ralph and Alfred, who were suitors for her hand. They both denied their guilt, and even torture failed to extract a confession from either.

Then Elector Frederick William decided to cut the knot by means of the dice box. The two soldiers should throw for their lives and the loser should be executed as the murderer.

The event was celebrated with great solemnity. Ralph had the first chance and threw sixes, the highest possible number. The dice box was then given to Alfred. He fell on his knees and prayed. Then he rose to his feet and threw the dice with such force that one of them was broken. The whole one showed six, the broken one also gave six on the larger portion, and the fragment split off showed one. This was a total of thirteen, one beyond Ralph's throw. The audience held its breath in amazement.

"God has spoken!" cried the prince.

Ralph, appalled by what he regarded as a sign from heaven, confessed his guilt and was sentenced to death.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Got What She Wanted.

"I can stand for some things, but not for everything," said the clerk as he watched a stylishly dressed young woman leave the store.

"What is the matter?" asked the proprietor, who had walked up unobserved.

"That woman who just left hustled up to the counter and asked to see men's shirts. I showed her every style and color we carry. After inspecting the entire stock she rose and thanked me sweetly, adding: 'I didn't wish to purchase any. You see, I am making my husband some shirts, and I wanted to be sure I was doing them right. My husband is very particular about the finish of his shirts.' And they say married women are so considerate."

The boss smiled and walked away.—Boston Traveler.

The Sun.

It is computed that the temperature of the sun would be expressed by 18,000 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, or about ninety times the temperature of boiling water. This is about five times the temperature that man is able to produce by artificial means. The light given off from the surface of the sun is reckoned as being 6,300 times more intense than that of the molten metal in a Bessemer converter, though that is of an almost blinding brilliancy, or, if we compare it with the oxyhydrogen flame, the sun sheds a light equal in brilliancy to 146 times the intensity of the limelight.

Plant That Feigns Death.

In South America there is a plant, a species of mimosa, which resorts to death feigning, evidently for the purpose of preventing grass eating animals from eating it. In its natural state this plant has a vivid green hue, but directly it is touched by a human finger or by any living animal it collapses into a tangle of apparently dead and withered stems. Among British wild plants the most sensitive to touch is the insectivorous sundew of English bogs.—London Globe.

Kind Critics.

"How did Jones get such a reputation both as a singer and an artist?"

"He sang before the Painters' club and painted pictures for the Musicians' union."—Cleveland Leader.

Reason Enough.

"Why does she think he has such a splendid future?"

"Because she has promised to marry him, I guess."—Houston Post.

EASY TO FLOAT.

Simple Rules That Will Aid Those Who Want to Learn.

"It is inexcusable for cramps to cause the death of a good swimmer," remarked an old and enthusiastic swimmer.

"Any normal person can float in the water," he said. "A good swimmer can learn more easily than others, and he should learn it. There may be human bodies that will be entirely submerged if unsupported, but I doubt it, and I know that such bodies are rare.

"Probably the bodies of drowned people sink because they have taken in large quantities of water. Whether this is or is not the explanation is not important.

"With the air expelled as much as possible by ordinary breathing and with no swimming movement some part of the head will remain above the water. If the experiment is to be prolonged it is more agreeable to throw the head back and have the nose above the water, but that is a detail.

"When you are in the water you should practice floating. It is easier to float in deep than in shallow water, but until you have learned to swim prudence demands that you remain where you can stand with your head above water. Walk out until the surface is near your shoulders. You can float in a less depth, but it is more difficult. Allow yourself to fall backward. Make no effort to prevent sinking. Let your nose point to the zenith. Your head may go under water, but it will rise again. You can take my word for it, knowing that if you fail you can stand on your feet.

"If you have followed instructions you should float the first time. The important thing to remember first, last and all the time is: Hold your breath all the time unless you know you will take in air and not water.

"You who have not learned to float may be thrown into the water. You may have a few hours or a few seconds of warning. Use those few or many seconds to get control of yourself, and there are two things you should bring to the front in your thoughts. Refrain from breathing except when you know you will take in air and not water, and if a swimmer attempts to rescue you make no effort to grasp him except when and as he requests.

"If he is a wise and a good swimmer he will not allow you to do this, as an effort to grasp him will add to his labors, and he will need all his strength."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ashes From the Old Hearth.

A quaint Swedish legend concerning a cure for homesickness appears in Selma Lagerlof's book "The Girl From the Marsh Croft," translated by Velma Swanston Howard. The tradition is to the effect that if a person suffering from nostalgia took some ashes from the hearth in his or her old home and strewed them on the fire in the strange place he or she would be rid of the homesickness—an easy remedy apparently, but it had two serious drawbacks. The first was that after using the remedy in the new home one would never be content in any other place. If one were to move from the homestead to which one had borne the ashes one would always long to get back there again just as much as one had longed to get away from there. And the second drawback was that one couldn't carry ashes along every time one moved to a new place, because the remedy could be used once only. After that it lost its charm and had no effect. So that, taken all in all, it was a rather dangerous experiment to make.

Winter Home of Deer.

The winter home of the American red deer is very interesting. When the snow begins to fly the leader of the herd guides them to some sheltered spot where provender is plentiful. Here as the snow falls they pack it down, tramping out a considerable space, while about them the snow mounts higher and higher until they cannot get out if they would. From the main opening or "yard," as it is called, tramped out paths lead to the nearby trees and shrubbery which supply them with food. In this way they manage to pass the winter in comparative peace and safety.—St. Nicholas.

Family Relations.

"Who is that man you were just talking with?"

"That's my brother-in-law."

"He looks enough like you to be your own brother."

"He is my own brother. We are twins."

"Twins? Then why did you say he was your brother-in-law?"

"Because he is. I have three brothers—one in law, one in medicine and one in the army."

He Explained It.

"See here, young man," said the stern parent, "why is it that you are always behind in your studies?"

"Because," explained the youngster, "if I wasn't behind I could not pursue them."—Chicago News.

Gloomy and Peculiar.

"What is the baby crying for, my child?"

"I dunno; 'e's alw'ys crying. I never came acrawss any one wot looks upon the dark side of things as 'e does."—London Punch.

Still a Baby.

"The last time I saw him was thirty years ago, when he was a baby."

"Well, I saw him yesterday, and he hasn't changed a bit."—St. Louis Star.

The covetous man loses what he does not get.—Seneca.

A WOMAN'S LOGIC.

It Helped Her Out When the Customs Officials Bothered Her.

On one of the recently arriving transatlantic steamers was a young woman whose extreme economy had not permitted any lavish expenditure abroad. But she had repeatedly referred with commendable pride to the material for two silk dresses she had purchased at a bargain which she was bringing home for her mother and sister. Even the suggestion of one sympathetic listener that she would have to pay duty produced merely a temporary restraint.

Finally when the liner approached New York and the custom house officer received the somewhat plain woman at the cabin table her fellow passengers were curious. Being asked the usual questions about dutiable property, she replied stoutly and defiantly that she had the material for two silk dresses.

"Are they for yourself?" the inspector wanted to know.

"No, they are not," she declared. "I am bringing them home for presents."

"Then since they are not for your own use I shall be compelled to charge you duty," said he figured out for her the required amount.

Taking the pencil from his hand, she figured for a moment and then said: "Well, I declare! That has made those dresses cost me so much that I simply can't afford to give them away now. I'm just going to keep them for myself; that's what I'll do!"—New York Tribune.

LET THE YAWN COME.

A Good One Is a Splendid Thing For the Whole Body.

A good, wide, open mouthed yawn is a splendid thing for the whole body. A yawn is nature's demand for rest. Some people think they only yawn because they are sleepy, but this is not so. You yawn because you are tired. You may be sleepy also, but that is not the real cause of your yawning. You are sleepy because you are tired, and you yawn because you are tired.

Whenever you feel like yawning just yawn. Don't try to suppress it because you think it is impolite to yawn. Put your hand over your mouth if you want to, but let the yawn come. And if you are where you can stretch at the same time that you yawn just stretch and yawn. This is nature's way of stretching and relaxing the muscles.

Don't be afraid to open your mouth wide and yawn and stretch whenever you feel like it. Indeed, if you are very tired, but do not feel like yawning, there is nothing that will rest you so quickly as to sit on a straight back chair and, lifting your feet from the floor, push them out in front of you as far as possible, stretch the arms, put the head back, open the mouth wide and make yourself yawn.

Those tense nerves will relax, the contracted muscles will stretch and the whole body will be rested. Do this two or three times when you are tired and see what it will do for you.

First English Horse Races.

Chester possesses plausible claims to be the birthplace of the British turf. It was one William Lester, who about 1609, "being mayor of Chester, did cause three silver bells to be made of good value to be run for upon the Roode-Dee." This seems the earliest definite establishment of a horse race. From the nature of the prize was derived the proverb "To bear the bell," though the bells in this case existed long before the "ring." Our ancestors being more easily satisfied in the matter of amusement than their degenerate descendants, there was apparently only one contest. The "Chester cup," which has been substituted for the "best bell," is now worth £2,500, to say nothing of Cheshire cheeses for the three placed horses.—Westminster Gazette.

Had a More Trifle.

A doctor calling on a patient who had been very ill, but was now convalescent, said to the latter's wife:

"You must be careful in regard to his diet for a few days."

"Yes, I know that," was the reply. "He has just had his dinner, and I didn't give him anything but a cup of coffee and two or three warm biscuits and a piece of pie and a couple of doughnuts and one slice of bread with gooseberry preserves on it. I have just been telling him he couldn't have anything very substantial right away until his stummick was stiddier."—New York Tribune.

Pretty Much Alone.

In a rather rabid discussion in parliament a member of doubtful ability and power twitted Disraeli for having deserted his camp.

"I did not know that the honorable gentleman had a camp." Disraeli replied in a tone of mock surprise. "I have always looked upon him as the solitary sentinel of a deserted fortress."

No Chance For Leniency.

"Can't you be merciful and love me a little?" he pleaded as they sat in their steamer chairs.

"I can't show you any mercy at all," she whispered. "This isn't the quarter deck."—St. Louis Star.

The Skeptic.

"Pa, what does 'skeptical' mean?"

"Well—er—did you ever see a man taking in the washing for fear of rain in spite of the weather prediction 'fair?'"—Buffalo Express.

Ought to Cheer Him.

Figg—What's the matter, old man? You're looking wretched. Fogg—I'm not myself at all today. Figg—Oh, come; that's nothing to feel wretched about.—Exchange.

A FEAT OF HORSEMANSHIP.

Threading a Needle While Riding at Full Gallop.

Some amazing feats of horsemanship have been performed by cowboys and Indians, not to speak of those astonishingly expert Cossacks, but it is doubtful if these have ever exceeded the feat of a Rif irregular cavalryman.

Cossacks have been seen to snatch a baby from its mother's arms at full gallop, toss it into the air, catch it and repeat the performance. Indian riders in the far west have sprung from their horses' backs while the animals were moving at full gallop, picked up arrows and remounted instantly in a standing posture. But who ever heard of a Cossack, an Indian, or a cowboy threading a needle while at full gallop?

The horsemen of the Rif coast use small mounts, slight, but quick and wiry, of thoroughbred Arabian barb type. Those of the irregular cavalry perform all manner of charges and evolutions. They will throw their swords and matchlocks into the air, catching them by the hilts and stocks. On one occasion, by way of offering some new and unusual entertainment to a French officer visiting that region, it was announced that one rider would attempt the needle threading feat.

A needle and a piece of thread possibly two or three feet in length were produced. They were both handed around for inspection. The needle was a cambric one and the thread fifty or sixty fine.

The rider galloped his mount down the sand about 400 yards or so. He finally wheeled his horse and remained stationary, facing his audience. The man who held the needle and thread waved them in his hand and rode toward the other. When he had covered about two-thirds of the distance he halted and waved his hand to the farther one. Immediately the latter spurred his horse into a gallop and came toward the audience at full speed. As he passed the other he took the needle and thread from his companion, bent over for a moment and pulled up when he reached the visiting Frenchman, holding the threaded needle triumphantly over his head.—St. Louis Republic.

DRESDEN POLICE.

They Are Permitted to Impose Small Fines on Offenders.

One advantage accrues to the respectable member of the community from the minuteness with which the Dresden police look into the affairs of every inhabitant of the city. If he is a careful man and always carries papers which may serve to establish his identity, he is practically immune from the indignity of being arrested and marched off to the police station unless, indeed, he commits some especially heinous crime. Does he drive faster than the law permits, does he cross a bridge on the left hand side, he is stopped by the guardian of law and order and requested to give his name. If he has his papers with him the policeman may then and there impose a fine of from 1 to 3 marks. If then he admits that he is in the wrong and pays the fine the incident is closed. If, however, he wishes to appeal from the policeman's decision he may do so. Even in that case he is not arrested, but a day or two later he is notified to appear in court and answer to the charge against him. But then if he is found guilty the lowest fine that can be imposed is 3 marks. That this custom of permitting the policeman personally to impose small fines is little understood by foreigners is shown by a remark made by a gentleman who had lived in Germany the greater part of his life and in Dresden for a number of years. In reply to any inquiry as to whether there was ever any question of corruption in the police department he replied:

"No; none whatever as far as the higher officers are concerned. The individual men, however, may be bribed occasionally. For instance, if I were to walk on the grass in the Grossergarten and a policeman caught me at it I would give him a mark or two, and that would end the matter."

Crushed.

The late Sir Charles Hammond was addressing a meeting during a general election, at which he won a seat in Newcastle, when a man interrupted him. "Get yer 'air cut, Charlie!" he shouted.

Sir Charles, who was a magistrate, calmly adjusted his glasses and silenced the interrupter by saying, "My friend, if I am not mistaken, I have been the means of having your hair cut before today."—London Tatler.

Chastened.

A Wall street broker, turning the corner of Broad street, saw a friend coming down the steps which lead out of the office of a well known financier. This departing caller had a chastened and bored expression on his handsome face, and the Wall street broker inquired the cause. With thoughtful deliberation his friend replied:

"I just have been experiencing the unconscious insolence of conscious wealth."—New York Press.

Easier.

"Better take a hardwood table ma'am. It is the fashionable thing," the dealer said.

"No," said the young woman; "baby will soon be old enough to hammer, and he never could drive a nail into hard wood. I'll take a plain pine table."—New York Journal.

Housekeeper's Reason.

"What is your chief objection to moving pictures?"

"The dust that has accumulated behind them."—Birmingham Age-Herald

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Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
State Treasurer—John G. Sheip.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Secy of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.
District and County.
President Judge—Joseph W. Henszey, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. W. Stanley, Shenandoah.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; E. W. Hilton, Smethport.
District Attorney—Guy E. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. P. Stanley, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chants, Smethport.
Register—J. D. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank M. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford; W. J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John F. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. C. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. E. Andrews, Clermont; A. E. Corp, Coryville.
Coroner—L. B. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hyde.
Borough.
Burgess—S. H. Clevenger.
Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. H. Bisbee, Secretary; J. W. Waite, E. W. Workley, G. H. Deuning, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sasse.
Justices—E. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—H. B. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. B. Specht, treasurer; John B. Eastman, H. H. Benfield, John Clark.
Collector—E. C. Gleason.
Assessor—J. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. H. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, H. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 366, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
RALPH M. BURDICK, W. M.
W. J. SPECHT, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 399, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDEN, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

I. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 36, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE Pres.
ESTELLA B. GALLUP, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every other Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree every 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
EARL HAFNER, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 11:35 a. m.; Junior League at 6 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. H. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

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Who Shot The Arrow?

It Offered a Poor Boy an Education Anonymously

By MARY A. BOWERS

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Humphrey Miller was lying on the grass one July afternoon in the center of the square about which clustered the village of Atherton. Humphrey was a typical case of a boy born to the plow who yearned for something better, at least more intellectual. He wished to go to college and study a profession. He was ready to work his way while studying, but just as he was about to matriculate his father died, the farm was sold out under a mortgage, and the boy's mother and sister were thrown upon him for support. To bear this burden and his own as a student appeared to him a matter of sheer impossibility. He must forego his projects, accept a situation offered him in a country store and go to work.

He was about to arise and walk to a corner of the square where the store in question was located to announce that he would begin his duties the next morning when he heard a whizzing sound and saw a short distance from him an arrow standing with its point imbedded in the ground. To the feathered end hung a bit of paper, which, now that the arrow was at rest, floated idly in the wind. Humphrey arose, went to the arrow, broke the string that held the paper and found the following words written in pencil:

Go to college. Your mother and sister will be provided for.

Humphrey swept with his eye the square and the houses that lined it. The former was empty; the latter showed no sign of the person who had shot the arrow. They were mostly dwellings, and Humphrey knew nearly all of the people who lived in them. He began at once to con over those among whom the mysterious archer might be found. There was Peter Owens, a friend of his father, who was well to do, but Mr. Owens was not a man to hide a charity under a bushel. There was Harvey Dixon, his mother's cousin, but Dixon had all he could do to provide for his own family. There was his intimate friend, Bob Clark, who had been left a legacy by his grandmother. Humphrey knew that Bob when he was younger had been fond of archery. Besides, Bob's sister Lucina had shown by her actions that she admired Humphrey. Had not Lucina something to do with the matter?

Humphrey thought all the rest of the day about the proposed benefaction and in the evening went to see Rose Wyman, a girl in whose judgment he had great confidence, intending to ask her to find out for him who had shot the arrow. Rose did not live on the square and, having no means, could not possibly have had anything to do with the message. He told her of the circumstance and that he could not accept the favor without knowing the donor and agreeing to repay in time the amount expended upon him. Would she help him?

Rose always took time to consider before reaching her decisions. Finally she said:

"If the person who shot the arrow wished to be known he or she would not have taken that means of communicating. To endeavor to discover the donor would be ungrateful in you. My advice to you is to accept the gift as it is offered."

"You've got a lot of horse sense in that head of yours, Rose," was the reply. "I'll take your advice."

Humphrey left her, wondering how a girl no older than himself could have so much foresight. Relying upon her judgment, he acted on her advice, went to college that autumn, rang the college bell for his tuition, did all sorts of odd jobs and in his third and fourth year taught school. Besides this, he read the first books used by students of law.

The promise of his unknown friend to provide for his mother and sister was kept, but the amounts provided were small and at times irregularly paid. Humphrey, remembering Rose's words that it would be ungrateful for him to endeavor to discover who was the donor, told his mother not to look into any checks she might receive and if any came that revealed the secret not to tell him. The remittances were all made by check, signed by the cashier of the Atherton bank. But, obeying her son's instructions, Mrs. Miller never inquired at the bank from whom the money came, though it was not probable if she had done so she would have received any satisfaction.

But the one clew Humphrey possessed as to the identity of the unknown donor—the fact that Bob Clark had been fond of archery when a boy—took possession of the student's mind and kept its place there all through his college course. Attached to the clew was a feeling which kept him in a state of constant perplexity. What if Lucina Clark had persuaded her father to advance the means sent his mother? That Lucina had shown a predisposition for him was evident. At the end of his studies it was to be expected that the secret would come out. If Lucina had been instrumental in the matter it would be incumbent upon him to bestow upon her any return she might desire. Suppose she should wish the offer of himself!

Lucina was an attractive girl, and such a result did not appear especially distasteful to him. Indeed, the association of her with this (to him) great benefaction was gradually drawing him toward her during the whole of his college course. Each year he was growing older and at the time of his graduation had attained the season when one begins to think of his domestic future. His thoughts during this period were all of Lucina Clark.

While in college Humphrey took one or two scholarships which brought him monetary assistance, but beyond this he had too much on his hands to study for prizes or honors in his class. At the time of his graduation nearly all his friends at Atherton, including Lucina Clark, went over to attend the exercises at the college. Rose Wyman had become the principal of a school for small children, and the exercises of her own pupils prevented her from seeing her friend graduate.

Humphrey had studied enough law while in college to enable him to get a situation in an office that would pay him a meager salary and give him such a legal education as may be obtained from office practice. Therefore he did not attend a law school. He preferred to stop the payments of his unknown friend. He therefore directed his mother to return the first payment made after he began his duties and ask the cashier of the bank from which it came if he might not now know to whom he had been indebted. The cashier after taking time for consultation with his principal returned and answered that whenever he felt abundantly able to repay the amount the donor's name would be given him. Until then there could be nothing gained by furnishing the desired information.

Humphrey was much disappointed. He thought of charging Bob Clark with being a party to the matter of his benefactions; but, thinking that if his sister were involved without his knowledge it might raise a delicate complication, he desisted. Since the only clew he had was in connection with the Clark family there was no one else for him to consider. In his perplexity he remembered that he had been guided by Rose Wyman's judgment thus far and it would perhaps be better to take counsel with her before going any further.

Rose confirmed his idea that if Lucina Clark had had anything to do with the matter, should he speak to Bob, complications might arise. Indeed, Rose was of the opinion that if any woman had been the donor the situation might become very embarrassing. She advised Humphrey not to let the benefaction influence him in the matter of love. If he loved Lucina, he should tell her so, shutting his eyes to the fact that she might have secured for him the assistance which had enabled him to obtain a college education if he did not love her for herself without this (hypothetical) favor he should not propose to her on account of it.

Humphrey left his friend, having gained a new item of knowledge. He had spent four years at college and come home to learn that a girl with a common school education had more sense than he had. He felt like saying with the poet, "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers."

He made up his mind not to act in the matter without Rose's sanction. But he seriously considered offering himself to Lucina Clark. He believed that there were nine chances in ten that she was at least indirectly concerned in the matter, and if she were the whole would make a very pretty romance. But, not being sure of his love for her, he concluded to wait. It struck him, moreover, that he would not like to confess to the practical Rose that he was influenced by this supposed "pretty romance." He had come to dread Rose's unromantic way of looking at things. He thought that if she had only had a little of the ideal in her nature he might have considered her a sweetheart instead of a friend.

But Humphrey could not make up his mind that he loved Lucina Clark exclusive of the gratitude he felt for her supposed favor. One day he went to Rose and told her this. He also told her that he had borne the uncertainty attached to the secret long enough and it was time he was relieved of it. He also desired to commence to make small payments returning the amount he had received. To do this he must have the name of the donor and he had been told that it would at such time be proper for him to make inquiries to that end.

Rose considered awhile replying, then advised him that if such was his intention he might, with propriety ask the cashier if he would reveal the secret. Humphrey was so delighted that he was about to go to the bank at once when Rose stopped him.

"You have plenty of time," she said. "I make it the rule of my life to sleep over important decisions whenever it is possible. Go tomorrow."

"Just like you, Rose," he exclaimed—"no impulse, no romance! But you make up the deficiency in mighty good sense."

Humphrey went to the bank next morning and asked for the name of his benefactor. He expected that the cashier would ask for time in which to get the consent of his principal. In this Humphrey was mistaken. He had already been authorized.

"Rosalie Wyman," was the reply.

Humphrey gaped at the man for a while and then without a word rushed out of the bank and did not stop till he found Rose.

"Rose," he said, "I would like to torture you and then burn you at the stake. How did you do it?"

"Worked and saved."

"Well, all I have to say to you is that if you have any use for a natural born fool there's one at your disposal."

"Think over it; there's plenty of time."

"Not one second."

"Well, then, there's been a long wait for me. I'm glad to have it over."

A Mystery

The Wagon Train That Was Lost in the Mountains

By B. CRITTENDEN LYTLE

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Years ago, when there were no railroads between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, a wagon train was lost in the Sierra Nevada mountains. It was last seen by some Indian hunters. Searching parties went out to find it without success. At last it was given up and forgotten.

The leader of the party was Edward Earle. He was a widower with a little daughter, Elizabeth, whom he had left in the east in care of his sister. Elizabeth was five years old when her father was last heard from, but she took a deep interest in the story of his disappearance. What to older people was a mystery was to her a child's story similar to those she read in her fairy books. It did not occur to her that there was anything more wonderful in the disappearance of a wagon train consisting of half a dozen teams and ten or twelve people than in changing a man into a frog. In other words, she did not realize that the one really happened and the other was impossible.

But as Elizabeth grew beyond the age to be impressed by the imagination this story of the lost wagon train began to grow upon her. Had it not been given to her by those in whom she had confidence she would not have believed it. A man might disappear to return many years after with an explanation. But how could wagons, horses and men all go out like a candle?

Elizabeth was the only person who fancied that her father would some day come back. Her elders did not oppose her in this, though they did not pretend to agree with her. But as time wore on she realized that the case of the wagon train her father conducted was like that of a ship going down under some marine catastrophe, carrying with it every living person. There came a hope that her father had left some message for her which she would some day receive. She was told that he had had some property, but he alone knew where it was located. No will had ever been found nor any other papers to throw light upon his affairs. But this was not strange since he had all his effects with him.

By the time Elizabeth had become eighteen this question of her father's disappearance had grown upon her to such an extent that it became a sort of monomania. Possibly this resulted from trying to solve an insoluble question. She was continually asking herself how such a thing could happen. One of her suppositions was that the train had been carried away by a cloudburst. Another was that it had been buried under an avalanche. But in the case of the cloudburst the remains of men, horses and wagons would be carried down where they would be seen, and in the case of the avalanche they would appear as soon as the snow melted. It was brooding on these problems that at last threatened to affect Elizabeth's mind.

When Henry Merryweather began to court Elizabeth her aunt hoped that a living interest would relieve her from the burden of a dead one. Henry was a fine fellow and grew more and more wrapped in the serious girl, made so by a mystery. By delicate attentions he endeavored to withdraw her mind from the topic upon which it was abnormally fastened. But his efforts were a failure. Despite all he could do he elicited only an occasional smile, a temporary interest.

The time had come when Elizabeth felt that she must relieve her aunt of her support, and she accepted a position as teacher in a school. Occupation helped her in the matter that was troubling her, but did not cure her. Often in the midst of her duties she would find herself endeavoring to solve the problem of the lost wagon train.

As a last resort Henry Merryweather resolved to go out to the region where the train was last seen with a view to solving the mystery. He hoped that if he could bring back any plausible solution Elizabeth would accept it and she would regain her normal status. Without saying anything to her in reference to his intention he set out for the Sierra Nevadas and the region where the train had been last seen.

Fifteen years had passed since the tragedy or whatever it was occurred, and settlers had come into the region that had been a solitude. Henry, obtaining a good horse, set out to go over the pass where the train had been lost. The mystery was so well known that he had no difficulty in locating the position where it had been last seen. One of the equipments he possessed for his quest was a taste for geology. As he rode along he noted the character of the rocks, the flow of the streams, the configuration of the soil. As he passed through a canyon in which ran a mountain stream he came to a point where the ground formed a dam, making a small lake. It seemed to him that this could not have long been so. The trees growing on the dam were all very young. He wondered if it had not been thrown across the stream by some shaking of the earth. He looked up and saw that the soil on which he stood formed a direct incline for several thousand feet to a spot where a side of a mountain seemed to have been scooped out. It occurred to him that a large mass of earth far above had slid down and formed the dam on which he stood.

Might not the lost wagon train have been buried under this landslide?

The more he studied the configurations about him the more he was convinced that some cause, either a clap of thunder, a snowslide or an earthquake, had loosened the mountain side and thrown it down and across the road. Then by riding back and forth he traced the old road, noting its junction with a later one both above and below the dam. While he was satisfied that this avalanche of earth might have buried the lost train, he had no hope that he would be able to find any vestige of man, beast or wagon without employing a host of men to remove the earth from the old road, a part of which was now covered with water. But he could tell Elizabeth of his find and assure her of his belief that the wagon train had been buried under the landslide.

He argued that if those connected with the train had seen the mountain side coming they would run to get out of its way. If they were nearer the upper side of it they would run forward; if nearer the lower side they would run backward. The upper side now being a lake, it could not be examined. Merryweather rode down to where the old road, striking the dam, was deflected, to climb it by a gradual incline. Dismounting, he tied his horse to a sapling and began to look about him.

He searched a good while, bending down close to the earth that he might the better see anything unusual. His search was fruitless. Mounting, he rode to the nearest house to remain all night and in the morning bring something to dig with. That night it rained and the next day and the next till it seemed that an ocean was being precipitated. Then it cleared, and Merryweather, taking a pick and a shovel, went back to continue his hunt.

He found that the rain had washed away portions of the dam, and its side was covered with little gullies, some of them quite deep. He examined a number of these gullies, but found nothing. At the point where the road made the turn to ascend the dam he put in his pick. Presently the point struck something that gave out the ring of metal. Inserting the [illegible] he threw out a horseshoe.

Though [illegible] did not regard it as very important, but it [illegible] to dig on. A foot or [illegible] the earth under [illegible] had been [illegible] attention. He [illegible] it and exposed a horse's hoof and in a few more strokes the bones of a leg to which the hoof belonged.

"Eureka!" he exclaimed. "The mystery of the lost wagon train is solved!"

He worked all day unearthing the metal parts of harness, gun barrels, bones of human beings and horses. At last he struck the wheel of a wagon. Then he went away to announce his find.

The news that the lost wagon train had been found spread. Merryweather hired half a dozen men to excavate, but so great was the interest among the people that many of them dug on their own account, some doubtless hoping to find articles of value. It was apparent that the train had been turned suddenly and headed down the canyon. Some of the wagons had not been completely reversed before they were buried.

Among the articles recovered was an iron box. Merryweather took possession of it, opened it and found that it belonged to Edward Earle. It contained several hundred dollars in gold and a number of papers.

Some of the papers were deeds to property in the region to which the caravan was going—a region where gold had then been recently discovered. Merryweather, after the excavations were concluded, rode on to what had been the destination of the train. The unearthed papers all belonged to Elizabeth Earle, and it was his purpose to transact for her any business that might be necessary. He found conditions that he was sure would make a great change in the girl he loved.

One evening Elizabeth heard a footstep in the hall, and a moment later she was clasped in the strong arms of Henry Merryweather.

"The mystery is solved, sweetheart!" he exclaimed.

He led her to a sofa and gave her an account of his efforts and their outcome. "And now," he continued, "there is news intrinsically of far greater importance to you than the solving of the mystery. You are very rich. Your father before starting on his last earthly journey made a will leaving you all he possessed. It was of no value then, but now on a portion of it is one of the largest mines in the west. You are the real owner, and I have brought you a proposition from its wrongful owners to transfer to you one-third of the stock of the company. This alone will give you a splendid income."

As the lover had expected, the unraveling of the mystery and the changes it led to in Elizabeth's life relieved her of her unhealthy current of thought and gave her new mental occupation. Not the least of the results was a husband, to whom she was indebted for bringing her good fortune.

As the mysterious disappearance of the wagon train was for years a fruitful source of discussion among those who knew of it, so since Merryweather unraveled it both chapters of the story are still told to interested listeners in the region where it occurred. The location, too, is one of the points of interest to tourists.

A Fire In The Woods

When It Was Over There Was a Change of Heart

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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The Sunday dinner was over, and Rebecca was washing dishes in the big kitchen. Henry Miles and his wife came out dressed in their best clothes and got into the waiting buggy. Ever since they had been married twenty-five years before the Sunday afternoon ride had been a regular proceeding.

Their daughter Beth waved them a farewell as they drove out of the big gate.

Beth looked anxiously away toward the woods that bordered the distant wheatfields. Behind them rose a pale gray cloud now and then flecked by flying cinders. Rain had not fallen for several weeks, and the woods were like tender, and the paths were thickly carpeted with dry leaves fallen from last year.

The kitchen windows faced the wheatfields, and Rebecca's red face was pressed anxiously to the pane. Then she saw Beth and came to the door.

"The woods are afire, Miss Beth," she said excitedly. "Your pa's wheat will be done for if the wind don't change pretty soon."

The wheatfield was an undulating sea of pale green blades six inches high. The dry weather had slightly parched the tips, and Beth bent down to assure herself that the grain was too green to be affected by the fire even if it should reach the fields. When she looked up again several men were running across the field. One of them saw her, paused and turned back.

Slowly she walked through the wheat, her light tread scarcely crushing the young shoots. Her fair cheeks took on the rose tint of early dawn, and her blue eyes were veiled under a thick fringe of lashes. The man watched her coming toward him, his handsome eyes drinking in her fresh, spring-like beauty. Her pink gown fell softly about her slender form as the green wheat rippled about her feet.

At last Beth lifted her shy eyes and saw his good looking face with its reckless, smiling lips—saw the immaculate whiteness of his collar and cuffs and the trim neatness of his handsome clothes. He carried his coat on his arm and slipped into it as she came up with him. They had smiled a greeting into each other's eyes, and their first words were commonplace enough.

"The woods are afire," said Ralph Clinton. "Don't you want to go along and see the fun, Beth?"

A look of disappointment crept into the girl's face. "Aren't you going to fight it, Ralph?" she asked.

The young man laughed good naturedly. "It isn't necessary. There are half a hundred trying to kill it with sand or back fire, but it's got too big a headway. Besides, the wind is strong from the southwest, and nothing can stop it until it dies out for want of something to burn."

"Where is it now, Ralph?" questioned Beth quietly.

"Out in Deep Hollow woods—a spark from the railroad started the blaze and away she went! There were five miles burned over at Wayneville yesterday."

"Deep Hollow woods belong to my father. He owns right through to the farm here. It means a serious loss to him," said Beth.

"It's too bad, Beth, but nothing can save it, so there's no use in worrying," returned Ralph carelessly. "Come; let us go and see the fun. The woods are great at this time, you know. Perhaps you may find a moccasin flower."

"Wait a moment," said Beth, and she turned and with flying feet recrossed the field to the barn. When she returned she carried a shovel in one hand.

"There!" she panted, thrusting the utensil into his unwilling grasp. "Take that along, Ralph. I'm ashamed to have you appear there unprepared to fight the fire."

"Not in these clothes—not on your life!" ejaculated Mr. Clinton ineffectually. "I'll carry the shovel for the looks of the thing, but if I fight a forest fire it will be by proxy! Some of the negroes from the hollow will be smoked out and glad of a job to take my place for a consideration, eh?"

"Those poor negroes!" cried Beth, disregarding his selfish speech. "I forgot all about them. Their little homes will be ruined. Let us hurry, Ralph. In spite of your joking I am sure you are going to help in a time of need like this."

Without further parley Ralph helped Beth over the fence and into a woodland path, through which they hurried at a greater speed than the young man fancied. Given this time and opportunity, he felt that the April woods were an ideal spot in which to ask Beth the momentous question that had been hovering on his lips for weeks. He was quite sure of her answer, for she had shown her preference for him during the past winter, and his clever ruse had quite thrown Ben Wyatt into the shade—raw, country bumpkin that Ben was!

Ralph's lips curled in a little smile of contempt as he thought of the rival who had quietly withdrawn from the contest for Beth Miles' favor when the rivalry became the subject of open comment.

The smoke grew thicker, and the air was filled with flying cinders that fell in crisp flakes on their heads. In the distance they could hear hoarse shouts of men, the crackling of burning trees and underbrush and the barking of dogs.

Where the three roads crossed was to be the battleground. If the fire crossed Deep Hollow road the little gathering of negro cabins was doomed. The fire was coming toward them now, and they could see the forms of men through the smoke. Strange, fantastic forms they were, frantically beating back the encroaching flames or shoveling loosened soil on the creeping fire that ate along the ground.

The group of cabins was untouched, but in grave danger. The unfortunate occupants were removing their poor bits of furniture, and two ramshackle carts were being filled with the goods. Old Uncle Peter Green occupied a chair of state in one cart. A tottering chair it seemed owing to the uneasy antics of the frightened mule in the shafts. Weeping and praying and lamenting, they moved dolorously down the road along which Beth had just come.

"Go down to the farm, Judy," she said to the dominant spirit of the group. "Rebecca will take care of you till the danger is over."

Out of the thick of smoke a man turned and recognized her; saw her standing there in her pink cotton dress dazed by the smoke. Beside her was Ralph Clinton leaning on an idle shovel, whistling softly as he watched the battle with the approaching flames.

Ben Wyatt leaped into the road and confronted them. Clad in blue flannel shirt and corduroy trousers, hatless, his sun browned face and arms black with soot and grime, he presented a sorry contrast to Ralph Clinton. But somehow Beth's glance caught his steady gaze and lingered there for a brief instant, and she saw nothing to despise in Ben Wyatt, homely farmer that he outwardly was.

"Get back there, Clinton!" commanded Ben angrily. "Take Beth away from here. Can't you see it's no place for a woman?"

"Mind your own business, Wyatt!" retorted Ralph. "Get to work there on your fool's job!"

There was no time for further arguments. The men, who had strung out in a wide semicircle, were drawing closer together. They had started a back fire, and there was danger when the two fires met that the sudden leap of flames might ignite the vegetation on the bluff. If it did the woods were doomed. But the farmers fought valiantly, and little by little the flames were beaten back from the crossroads until they smoldered down and left charred and blackened desolation wherever their blasting fingers had touched.

Tired and exhausted, the fire fighters lay panting in the sand of the roads.

It was Beth who sent a lurking pickaninny to call the fugitives home to the cabins, and it was she who found a pail and dipper in Judy Brown's kitchen and went to the bubbling spring for water to refresh the tired men. Before it came Ben Wyatt's turn to drink from the dipper she slipped away down the road toward home. As she passed him Ralph Clinton arose and followed her.

"See here, Beth," he said disagreeably, "I'd like to know what I've done to deserve such treatment at your hands."

Beth turned and surveyed him with level eyes. "It isn't anything you've done, Ralph," she said quietly. "On the contrary, it's what you haven't done. I don't think you can understand how I feel about it, Ralph. I thought I cared for you, but I am afraid it was your appearance I loved after all. Please forget all about me if you can," Beth said contritely.

"Well, I seem to have got all that's coming to me today," he said jauntily. "Goodby!"

"Goodby," said Beth gently. As she watched him walk slowly away she felt a pang at the shattering of a cherished illusion, while at the same time there was a strange, sweet joy in her heart, mingled with a fear that she had dallied with real love and lost it.

Ralph Clinton turned to fling a backward taunt, "I suppose you think you can whistle Ben Wyatt back, but you're too late, Beth!" Then he went on and disappeared.

The girl's face whitened at the taunt and its insinuation, and with a little strangled sob she leaned against the friendly trunk of a tree and hid her eyes.

Ben Wyatt's voice behind her startled her to betray telltale tears on the thick lashes. Grimy and scorched, hatless and tattered and scratched, he was a sorry looking lover. The look in his faithful eyes made up for everything that seemed lacking.

"I heard what that pup said just now, Beth," said Ben grimly, standing with folded arms before her. "I ought to have stepped in long ago and told you what I want to say right now, but somehow I thought you liked him best. This forest fire isn't a patch to the fire I've been through this winter. You don't have to whistle Ben Wyatt back—he's here. Beth, darling, shall he stay?"

Beth came to his arms with a happy cry, and they must have forgotten the passage of time, for the returning cavalcade of the fugitives startled them into embarrassed realization that their secret was no longer their own, but was shared by the grinning denizens of Deep Hollow wood.

"Land uv love!" shouted Aunt Judy exuberantly, and to the two, blushing under the oak tree as the procession passed, it was verily a "land of love."

ARAB MANNERS.

Life in the Tents of the Roving and Eloquent Bedouins.

"By living with the Arabs, doing as they did and moving with them in their migrations," writes Douglas Carruthers in the Geographical Journal, "I obtained an insight into their mode of life and customs. Things move slowly in the east, and I spent fourteen days in buying three camels. But the time was not wasted. I studied Arab manners, learned more or less how to eat with my hands, how to wear the Arab costume with some comfort, how to drink coffee a la Arab, and, most difficult of all, how to sit still all day long doing nothing. I found this last most trying, more especially because it was cold. A Bedouin tent is a drafty place at the best, but in midwinter it is almost unbearable. On two occasions there was snow on the desert.

"We used to feed out of a huge round dish, ten of us at a time. The fare was camels' milk and bread in the morning, and in the evening we generally had meat and rice cooked with an enormous amount of fat. During the day we appeased our hunger by sipping strong black coffee. At night there was always a large group of men in the tent of the sheik, and the talk was carried on far into the night.

"Eloquence is a highly prized talent among the Bedouins, and not only would they recount their stories in the most beautiful manner, but on occasion, to the tune of a single stringed violin, they would sing extempore songs for hours on end."

KEEPING HIS RECORDS.

Unusual Business Methods of a Merchant in Western Canada.

In the Bookkeeper is recorded a case which clearly comes under the head of "unusual business methods." In a thickly settled prairie district in western Canada, not far from Moose Jaw, a few Canadians had opened up a coal mine, the product of which they sold to the surrounding farmers. Settlers would come in wagons and sleighs and load their own winter's fuel, which cost them from $1 to $2 a ton, according to the run. It was early winter when I first made the acquaintance of this mine and its remarkable "superintendent," and my first reception from this individual was a fierce yell on his part, with the frantic brandishing of a long stick and the words: "What the devil are you doing? Can't you see? Are you stone blind?"

I was literally walking through his books! Since morning—and this was at 3 o'clock in the afternoon—he had been keeping a record of outgoing sleighs and wagons of coal in the snow. About twenty farmers were drawing that day. With his stick he had written the initials of each in a clean spot in the snow and with that same stick had registered the number of tons they had taken away. I had spoiled one-half of his "books," and it was an hour before he became at all affable. I was still more astonished when I entered the "superintendent's" little board office. The walls were black with pencil marks, figures and names. A fire would have burned down his "book" of two years past.

Where Microbes Thrive.

The alimentary canal is the most perfect culture tube known to bacteriological science. No part of the body is so densely populated with micro-organisms. It is estimated that in the alimentary canal of the average adult about 126,000,000,000 microbes come into existence every day. They crowd this region so densely that scientists originally believed that they were indispensable to human life. According to a writer in McClure's, Pasteur, who first discovered them, maintained this view, but recent investigations have rather disproved it. There are many animals that exist in perfect health without any intestinal bacteria at all. Polar bears, seals, penguins, eider ducks, arctic reindeer—these and other creatures in the arctic zone have few traces of these organisms.

Not to Be Fooled.

A certain magazine once took to advertising by means of personal letters. A critic got this letter:

Dear Brown—Have you seen article in this month's Trash Magazine? Heavens, can it be true? X.

But the critic, not to be fooled, sent to the editor of the Trash—in an unstamped envelope, so that double postage would be charged—this answer:

Dear X.—I have seen one previous number of the Trash Magazine, and with heart and soul I hope never to see another. This is quite true. BROWN.

Progress.

"How is your boy getting on at school?"

"First rate," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "He's goin' to be a great help on the farm. He knows the botanical names for cabbage an' beans already, an' all he has to do now is to learn to raise 'em."—Washington Star.

Too Much of a Target.

Brown—How did you feel, Jones, when the burglar had you covered with his revolver—pretty small, eh? Jones—Small! Great Scott, no! I felt as big as the side of a house.—Boston Transcript.

A Necessity.

Judge—Why did you burn your barn down just after getting it insured? Farmer—Your honor, a poor man like me can't afford to have a barn and insurance too.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

To live long it is necessary to live slowly.—Cicero.

GIGANTIC TREE STUMPS.

Big Enough to Be Hollowed Out and Used For Houses.

The fine fir of the Pacific northwest are so colossal that after the trees are hewed down the stumps are died for children's playgrounds, houses for families to live in or for dancing platforms.

To make a stump house the material from the interior is removed, leaving only enough to form walls of suitable thickness. A roof of boards or shingles is put over the top of the stump, holes are cut for windows and doors and a family of five can and often does make it their dwelling. The stump houses are sometimes used by settlers until they can build larger and more convenient homes.

After the stump home has been vacated it is turned into a stable for the horses or sometimes into an inclosure for chickens or hogs.

Next to the big tree of California the fir or sequoia of Washington and Oregon has the largest diameter. As they decay rapidly, the hollowing out is easy. Sometimes they are used for dance platforms, some of them accommodating as many as four couples.

Another custom is to turn the big stumps into playgrounds for the children. The children reach the top by pieces of wood nailed against the sides or by ladders. A beautiful use of the large stumps is making them into flower beds and covering them with trailing vines.—Chicago Tribune.

THE WAISTCOAT.

It Became Popular by the Patronage of Charles II.

Few men realize how much they are being influenced in their dress by King Charles II., and yet it is to that monarch we owe the adoption of the waistcoat as a regular article of gentleman's dress, says London M. A. P. At least that is so if we are to accept the statement of Pepys, who in his diary under date of Oct. 16, 1666, states: "The king has declared his resolution to set a fashion which he would never alter," and, "This day King Charles II. began to put on his vest. It is a very fine and handsome garment."

Prior to this date they were exceptional garments, and there is even some doubt whether they were originally worn by ladies or gentlemen, though there is good reason to believe they superseded the doublet, such as was worn by Raleigh, Essex and other notables of the Elizabethan age.

A neat waistcoat "wrought in silk and gold" is mentioned in "Patient Grissell," 1602, and there is a painting in distemper of a vest on the walls of Winchester cathedral, dated 1489, so that what Charles II. took was merely an existing garment, which he remodeled, and by his patronage so popularized it that it became a standard article of gentleman's dress.

Clever Reasoning.

Rather an original lesson in political economy was that once taught by the Japanese nobleman Awoto and thus translated by Sir Edwin Arnold in "Seas and Lands:"

One evening as he was going to the palace to take his turn in keeping the night watch he let ten cash drop out of his under case into the stream and then bought fifty cash worth of torches to search for the lost coin. His friends laughed at him for spending so much in order to recover so little, and he replied, with a frown:

"Sirs, you are foolish and ignorant of economics. Had I not sought for these ten cash they would have been lost forever—sunk in the bottom of the Namerigawa. The fifty cash which I have expended on torches will remain in the hands of the tradesman. Whether he has them or I is no matter, but not a single one of the sixty has been lost, and that is a clear gain to the country."

Wedding Ring Mottoes.

When posies or mottoes inscribed inside wedding rings were first introduced does not seem to be known, but from the sixteenth century until the middle of the eighteenth it was customary to have them engraved on rings. These mottoes seldom consisted of more than two lines of a verse, often of only one, but there are a few instances known where three lines were used. Some of these posies are very quaint and curious, and a few reach a high standard of poetic beauty. The South Kensington museum has a good collection of posy rings, and among them are the following inscriptions: "United hearts death only parts;" "Let us share in joy and care;" "Love and live happily."—London Standard.

The Cause.

"Did you hear the awful shriek that engine gave as it flew by?" asked the first man as they approached a railroad crossing.

"Yes. What caused it?' rejoined his companion.

"I presume the engineer had it by the throttle."—Smart Set.

A Mean Retort.

"There goes a man I could have married," she said softly.

"Yes," he chuckled, "and I notice that he keeps on going as though he were afraid you might try it again."—Detroit Free Press.

Way It Goes.

"Could you give a starving woman work?"

"Yes; I need a girl to scrub."

"Too bad; this girl's a parlor maid."—Washington Herald.

The small courtesies sweeten life; the great ennoble it.

Stories of Frederick the Great.

In the course of some military evolutions Frederick the Great of Prussia, irritated by some mistake of a captain, ran after him with his stick in order to strike him. The captain ran away. The next morning the commanding officer reported to the king that the officer in question, one of the most efficient in the regiment, had sent in his papers. "Tell him to come to me," said the king. The officer, in great perturbation, came. "Good morning, major," he apostrophized the officer, who was speechless with surprise. "I wanted to tell you of your promotion, but you ran so fast I could not catch you up. Good morning."

Another time an officer attempted to get a comrade into bad odor with the king by telling his majesty that he was a drunkard. In a subsequent battle the latter's fitness was conspicuous, whereas his slanderer played a very poor part. When afterward he defiled past the king at the head of his regiment his majesty called out to him in a voice of thunder, "The sooner you take to drink the better!"

The Old Time Surgeon.

Before anaesthetics were known the surgeon's only expedient was to abridge his patient's sufferings by working rapidly. In this the old time surgeons did wonders. They had a control and a surety in their hands that are now seldom found. One day the celebrated surgeon Maisonneure had to amputate the leg of a poor devil, who began to howl in advance. "I'll give you my watch," said the surgeon, "if the operation lasts more than a minute." The man accepted the offer, but was obliged to forego the handsome watch, as the operation took less time than it requires to describe. To amputate an arm at the shoulder is a most difficult operation. Dr. Langenbeck of Germany did it in two minutes. A young physician who came to see him perform the operation adjusted his spectacles to his nose so as not to lose a single movement, but when the spectacles were in place the operation was over and the severed arm lay on the floor. Times have changed much since then.

Dr. Johnson's Church.

St. Clement Danes has never forgotten the fact that Johnson worshiped within its walls. The pew in which he sat (it is in the north gallery, close to the pulpit) is marked by a brass plate which was erected by the parishioners in 1851. In December, 1884, the centenary of Dr. Johnson's death was observed by a memorial service, when a special address was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Lindsay, at that time rector of St. Clement Danes. Johnson's pew was on that occasion draped in violet. Johnson was always constant in his attendance at church on Good Friday and Easter day. On April 9, 1773, he went with Boswell. "His behavior," writes Boswell, "was, as I had imagined to myself, solemnly devout. I shall never forget the tremulous earnestness with which he pronounced the awful petition in the litany, 'In the hour of death and in the day of judgment, good Lord, deliver us!'"—London News.

Fine Art of Letter Opening.

In Russia one letter in every ten passing through the post is opened by the authorities as a matter of course. Indeed, the postal authorities of every country have experts who have raised letter opening to a fine art. Some kinds of paper can be steamed open without leaving any traces, and this simple operation is finished by reburnishing the flap with a bone instrument. In the case of a seal a matrix is taken by means of new bread before breaking the wax. When other methods fail the envelope is placed between pieces of wood with edge projecting one-twentieth of an inch. The edge of the envelope is first flattened, then roughened and finally slit open. Later a hair line of strong white gum is applied and the edges united under pressure.—London Chronicle.

Charity and Prudence.

The contradictions of life are many. An observant man remarked recently that he was prowling about a certain city square when he came upon a drinking fountain which bore two conflicting inscriptions.

One, the original inscription on the fountain, was from the Bible, "And whosoever will, let him take the water of life free."

Above this hung a placard, "Please do not waste the water."—Youth's Companion.

Stewed Deers' Horns.

Deers' horns when young may form a dish for human consumption. Sir S. W. Baker writes, "When the large horns of the sambur, or wapiti, are growing they make an excellent dish, first scalded to divest them of down and then gently stewed with a good sauce and a few vegetables."—London Mail.

Her Description.

Muggins—Women have such queer ways of expressing themselves! Buggins—Such as? Muggins—Well, my wife was telling me about Miss Yellowleaf and said she was a sight to behold and in the very next breath said she wasn't fit to be seen.—Philadelphia Record.

Rural Amenities.

Fair Passenger—But, good gracious, why didn't the train stop here? It is supposed to. Porter—Yes, miss, but the engine driver has quarreled with the station master.—Pele Mele.

A Conclusion.

"Her husband doesn't smoke, drink, chew, swear or play cards."

"Introduce me. Widows are my specialty."—Houston Post.

A Pearl Stringer's Keen Eye.

The pearl stringer's eye becomes practiced in the detection of real and imitation pearls. One glance is usually sufficient. A genuine pearl has a hard look. It presents a sort of shell-like surface with an indescribable blush. This blush is so cleverly counterfeited in wax imitations that even those who are accustomed to handling pearls day after day are likely to be deceived.

In one of the large New York jewelry houses last winter a customer purchased a hand painted miniature set in a frame of imitation pearls. On examination it was found that several of the pearls had been slightly defaced, and the whole thing was sent to the manufacturing rooms for repairs. By chance it came under the eye of one of the pearl stringers, who instantly detected four genuine pearls in the circle of imitation ones about the picture. The frame had passed through a dozen expert hands without any one's noticing the presence of real pearls. No one could account for their being there. If they had not been detected the purchaser of the frame would have had a bargain, for the four genuine pearls were worth many times more than the picture and the rest of its setting.—New York Tribune.

Spirit of Young America.

A teacher in a Philadelphia public school narrated the following account of how an aspiring young Italian citizen was beginning to show the effects of an American environment. The story, which was told at a teachers' association meeting, runs something like this:

Tony had been away from school about a week, and when he showed up one morning the teacher asked him where he had been.

"I ran away," said Tony.

"Ran away! What did you do that for?" asked the teacher.

"My father was going to lick me, so I thought I'd run away," was the reply.

The teacher by further questioning brought out the fact that Tony for some trifling dereliction had been threatened with a beating and had stayed away from home the best part of a week.

"But your father has the right to whip you," said the teacher.

"Yes, he may," added Tony, "but I was born in this country, and I don't want no foreigners to lick me."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Costa Rican Volcanoes.

Costa Rica has been subject to earthquakes for many years. Part of the republic is exceedingly mountainous, and in this part of the country there are more than a score of volcanoes, some of them dead, but a few that break out periodically. There are three or four that have been active for more than a century. Some of these are near San Jose, the capital. Costa Ricans have always believed that earthquakes, which the country has experienced ever since it was first settled by Spanish adventurers, were caused by the volcanoes. There is good ground for this belief, because it has been noticed that earthquakes of more or less intensity followed the activity of these volcanoes. If the volcanic eruptions were violent the earthquakes were correspondingly severe.—Washington Post.

A Witty Retort.

A good story is told of two great Irishmen, the late Archbishop Plunket and Father Healy, the well known parish priest of Bray. Making their way together to Bray railroad station one morning, the priest urged that they should hurry, but the prelate's appeal to his watch convinced him that they had ample time. They arrived to see the train for Dublin disappearing. The archbishop's apologies were lavish. He pleaded that he had always had unbounded faith in his watch. "My dear Lord Plunket," was Father Healy's rejoinder, "faith won't do without the good works."—Blackwood's Magazine.

Alkarazza.

Alkarazza is the name given to vessels of very porous earthenware which when filled with water are always moist outside and owing to the evaporation of the water on their surface always keep their contents cool. Alkarazza can be made from any good potter's clay by mixing with it 10 per cent of its weight, dry, of very fine sawdust and then working it. On burning the sawdust is destroyed and the clay thereby left porous.

Started In Business.

"Father thinks I ought to go in for business a bit," remarked the gilded youth.

"Made a start yet?"

"Oh, yaas. I've ordered three business suits and had me name put up at a commercial club."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Her Instructions.

Conductor—Ticket, please. Passenger—Certainly, sir. Here is the key of my trunk, which is in the baggage car. In the pocket of my second best dress is my mileage book.—Harper's Bazar.

Life and a Living.

Many a man has made a good living who has made a poor life. Some men have made splendid lives who have made very moderate and even scanty livings.

A Hard Task.

"Now, sir," said an Irish barrister with severity to a loquacious witness, "hold your tongue and give your evidence clearly!"

Happiness consists largely in being too busy to be miserable.—Sheldon.

Give Her Everything.

Votes for women, coats for women,
Hats for women, too;
Clothes for women, beaux for women—
Any kind will do—
Rips for women, trips for women,
Timely winter jaunts,
'Tis inhuman to rob woman
Of anything she wants.
—Kansas City Journal.

His Misapprehension.

"Great goshalmighty!" horrifiedly ejaculated honest Farmer Hornbeak in the midst of his perusal of the patent side of the village newspaper. "It's come, just as I knew it would!"

"Why, what's the matter, Enry?" cried his wife.

"They're sellin' us farmers into slavery! That's what! Here's an item headed, 'Three Rubens Under the Hammer!'"—Puck.

Superficially Speaking.

Should the cost of living much higher grow—
And it surely will, the pessimists say—
You'll see the ultimate consumer go
Down into the ultimate consomme.
—Chicago Tribune.

Taking No Chances.

An epileptic dropped in a fit on the streets of Boston not long ago and was taken to a hospital. Upon removing his coat there was found pinned to his waistcoat a slip of paper on which was written: "This is to inform the surgeon that this is just a case of plain fit, not appendicitis. My appendix has already been taken out twice."—Healthy Home.

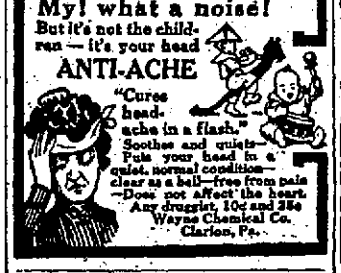
A Bushel of Cents.

It beats all what odd questions reach some of the departments of government in Washington. Not long ago the treasury received a letter from a man who had made a bet asking "How many cents are there in a bushel?" The answer was not easy to offer. If the man had asked about pounds he might have received a definite answer. As it was, he got in reply a guess from a clerk that "roughly there is something like 3320, or 32,000 pennies."

Children! Children!! My! what a noise!

But it's not the children — it's your head

ANTI-ACHE



"Cures headache in a flash." Soothes and quiets. Puts your head in a quiet, normal condition—clear as a bell—free from pain—Does not affect the heart. Any druggist, 10¢ and 25¢ Wayne Chemical Co. Clarion, Pa.

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We are Prepared to Supply From Hat to Hose—In the Best Taste and at Right Prices.

What will interest you particularly is our selection of Spring Suits and Top Coats—they are in the latest fashion—smart to a degree—and priced at about half the figures at which equally good made-to-measure is sold.

$15 - $20 - $25.

Boys' and Children's Suits.

A large and fine assortment. We are offering a very special value in a Boy's Suit, with two pairs of trousers, at $5.00. These suits run from 6 to 17 years of age, and every one is worth $7.50 of anybody's money.

Neckwear Beauties for Sunday Wear.

Rich shadings of pure silk and patterns galore, 25c to $1.00

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